

HALING NEAR GIBRALTAR (Illustrated). By Colonel Willoughby Verner.

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

Rural Bias in Education

HERE is no subject on which there is a greater famine of ideas than that of education. Everybody speaks about it and succeeds only in saying nothing.

The latest deliverance on the subject we have read is that in the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture of this month. The writer, after a conventional lament for the loss of Mr. Fisher's Act, goes on to make some vague proposals for improving the education of the peasant boy.

Our first criticism is that there is no need to regret the nullification temporarily or permanently of Mr. Fisher's Act. It affords a greatly needed opportunity for revision. This measure passed easily through the House of Commons chiefly because Members of Parliament pay only lip service to education; not one in twenty has any conviction or clear idea about it. In the next place, Mr. Fisher's Act is far too much that of an educational man pure and simple. What was needed in addition was statesmanship. It would not be worth while for States to spend a great deal of money on education unless there was at least a good chance of making thereby good citizens; but that part of the story is left out of the Act altogether. Mr. Fisher made no attempt to deal with the lack of public spirit in the elementary schools. Public spirit is ground into a boy who belongs to the middle or upper classes and goes to a public school. The preparatory schools are only public schools in miniature and they inculcate in their own way what every pupil should have at heart—the honour of his school. In an elementary school public spirit of this kind is not nourished unless it is where there is a very exceptional schoolmaster, and ways and means for creating public spirit in the elementary school must be found. If the classes are to be cemented together this operation must begin in the plastic age of youth.

Boys are boys to whatever class they belong, but when a man has been an employer for several years, and his factory hands have been working equally long for wages, feeling and prejudice, together, have petrified them, and it is very difficult to get more than a superficial understanding established between the two classes. Begin with them when they are both young is the only way to success, and it will prevail in the end, though experience shows how slowly a change of attitude is brought about.

In the meantime it would be worse than folly to neglect the elementary schools simply because Mr. Fisher's Education Act will not function under present conditions. We must place our confidence in the teachers more than in an Act of Parliament. We doubt if any considerable number of them are much enamoured of the rural bias in actual operation. For one thing, a very large percentage—one had almost said a very large majority—of them, far from having any rural bias themselves, know extremely little about the country and country things, and therefore cannot inculcate them. In the next place, there is no need for bias of any kind. A school is not a factory nor the scholar an apprentice. The object of the schoolmaster, according to an old definition, was to give his pupil the means and power of self-education. In other words, his object should be to turn out a mind adaptable to any career that may be chosen. Not that we have anything whatever to say against teaching a love of nature and natural things, far from it, but, as far as education goes, other subjects would do as well. If a boy's mind is inclined to literature rather than to nature his education will not be good unless that side of his mind is developed, and any attempt to bias his mind towards rural life would be criminal unless the nature of the boy inclined him that way of his own accord.

But what is involved in the phrase "the means and power of self-education"? It is true that almost every man who ultimately attains distinction was self-educated. What did he learn to give him a start? A country boy could be made to feel an interest in many things that would enhance his subsequent appreciation of books and men as well as the countryside; that is to say, that rural bias does not conflict with any other tendency. A boy, for instance, might know the names of all the weeds that grow along the hedge-row and all the birds that build in the branches, all the fishes in the water and all the flies on the surface, yet not thereby turn into a rustic. These are beautiful elements in the education of anyone, whatever may be his ultimate destiny. The difficulties are, first, that of finding out the gifts of the individual, and secondly, of making use of them, for, unfortunately, the elementary schoolmaster has, on an average, so many pupils that he cannot devote himself to the mentality of each.

The object should be solely to create interest. No good can ever come of attempting to make a workman of a young scholar. Craftsmanship is to be learned in the school of life—not in that other school in which it is important that play should be skilfully mingled with instruction. The ideal solution would be an innovation on all previous practice. It would rest on the principle that whatever a teacher knows best may be applied to teaching with most hope of a good result. He cannot stir up interest in a subject wherein he is not himself interested; but, if he has made any special study, then he could employ the same machinery by which some teachers make the study of nature an avenue to a wider interest and fuller knowledge. All that is necessary is that he should work from a different starting point.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Joan Mulholland is given as a frontispiece to this issue of COUNTRY LIFE. She is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford and the widow of the late Captain the Hon. Andrew Mulholland, eldest son of Lord Dunleath. She has one little daughter. Lady Joan Mulholland was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Mary 1918.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

W HATEVER may be the outcome of Dail Eireann's discussion, Great Britain has won the admiration of the whole world by the courageous step she took in making her offer. It was done very deliberately. When the King visited Belfast to open the new Parliament he intimated in no ambiguous terms that the country was taking a liberal and large-minded view of the trouble which has been perennial in Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George received, and deserved to receive, high praise for his return to the magnanimity characteristic of English statesmanship in the past. The offer bore the impress of a large-mindedness which met with universal approval. It was De Valera's turn to respond to it in fitting terms. It cannot be said, however, that he rose to the occasion. His last letter seemed to belong to the same class of literature as emanates from the ordinary Irish leader who is afraid to be anything except against the Government. The objections that he took had no practical bearing at all. They were merely pedantic and theoretical. As we write the final answer has not been given, and it will be of great interest to observe how far it will be modified by the approval given to the Lloyd George offer by every distant Dominion and every important foreign Power. The British Prime Minister stands now, not only with the Empire, but with the world at his back. De Valera's statesmanship is being put to a crucial test. His final answer will show whether he is only a factious or leader of extremists, or whether he has the greatness needed to deal with so important a question in the spirit of justice and moderation which marks the statesman as distinguished from the merely political strategist.

PUBLIC opinion will endorse the honour paid to Admiral the Marquis of Milford Haven on his promotion to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet on the Retired List. The country owes a great deal to Prince Louis of Battenberg—the name by which the sailors like to remember him. Acting on his own initiative on July 26th, 1914, he telegraphed to the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets at Portland that no ship was to leave that anchorage until further orders. Mr. Churchill, when accepting the Admiral's resignation on October 29th, 1914, said, "The first step which secured the timely concentration of the Fleet was taken by you." It was in a moment of something approaching panic on the part of the public that Prince Louis of Battenberg resigned his position as Admiral after a strenuous and successful career. The only thing against him was his name, and he changed that to Lord Milford Haven. The honour which is bestowed on him shows a just appreciation of his value.

DR. JAMES JOHNSTONE, Professor of Oceanography at Liverpool University, puts forward many valuable commercial ideas in his report of Fishery Investigations just issued. The most important is his argument in favour of establishing a large fish canning industry in this country. At present we import a considerable quantity of canned

fish, such as sardine and salmon, but sufficient attention has not been paid to the possibilities of establishing a large canning industry at home. It has been urged that the supply is not constant. Fish are natural rovers and appear in great quantities one year and often not at all, in the same spot, in another. Yet this can be got over by improving transport. The "cannable" fish on the British coast are herrings, mackerel and sprats. To the last mentioned is accorded the position of ideal material for a canning industry. At present, we use a certain quantity of sprats fresh and the fishermen often put on sprats to catch mackerel. A considerable quantity could also be absorbed as the basis of various fish pastes; but that they can be advantageously preserved is proved by the fact that in many countries it is already done. Herrings, too, fickle as they are in regard to the numbers with which they approach the coast, are already cured or tinned in various forms, and with better organisation the system could very well be extended. The same is true of mackerel, which so far have not been tinned to any great extent. However, Mr. Johnstone makes good his point, in his valuable report, that there is really a great opening for commercial enterprise in the fish canning industry.

HEATH FIRE.

Where upland trackways meet and turn,
Half hidden in the gorse and fern,
With hardly stamina to burn

A little flame
Creeps onward, flickers, comes and goes
And in the sunshine scarcely shows;
But where it's going no one knows
Or whence it came.

Fanned by the dry and gusty weather,
And browsing on the sun-baked heather,
New flames appear—they link together
In tawny line.

Forward they leap, devouring, scouring,
Their blackened trail the moorland purging,
Those tawny tongues will soon be surging
Among the pine.

Quick! snatch a branch and start a-thrashing,
This is no case for water dashing,
We'll save the forest firs from crashing,
With toil and sweat,
With smarting eye and aching shoulder
We'll thrash the fury down and hold her,
And choking through the smoke and smoulder—
We'll beat her yet!

JESSIE POPE.

IN a very interesting communication the Berlin correspondent of the *Observer* tells us that the German educationists are at present all in favour of teaching English in the schools. The reasons for this are well worthy of attention. The most amusing, if not the most important, argument employed is that of the German professors, who say "It was through under-estimation of English qualities and lack of understanding of the English mind that Germany lost the war." Certainly the Teutons never fail to find an ingenious method of recommending any idea which they wish to propagate! A less ingenious, but better founded argument is "that as the English-speaking world will lead in all international movements for the next few generations at least," it would be wise to substitute English for French and the classics. To all this there is pedagogic opposition founded on the argument that English is a less logical and therefore less instructive language than Latin or French. Latin comes first, but the "formation of French tenses is regarded as conducive to clear thinking." English grammar has no attractions to compare with these, yet the substantial reason put forward in favour of teaching the language will probably prevail with the Germanic mind.

A GOOD business arrangement has been made between the American Relief Administration and the Russian Bolsheviks. The Relief Administration is free to engage anybody it likes in or out of Russia—the Bolsheviks only having the right to object to any non-American or American

detained in Russia since the Revolution. Only children and sick will be fed by the Americans—not the Red Army or officials. In case of an outbreak of contagious disease the Administration has the right to control local sanitary arrangements. The Agreement was signed on Saturday and affords a substantial guarantee that the intense suffering in Russia will be ameliorated as far as possible.

RUSSIA during her ordeal of shame and torture has furnished many terrible examples of the quickness with which civilisation may be overthrown. The worst case occurred a few years ago when some three hundred children who had been sent to the Carpathians for safety were deserted by their guardians and left orphaned by the massacre of their parents. They browsed among the greenstuff and hid in caverns like wild animals. Numbers were rescued and were found divested of every trace of civilisation. Similar cases are occurring just now. Children of dead fathers and dead mothers, after witnessing their murder, have run off to the woods where some have been subsequently found by philanthropic societies. They know nothing, not even their own names, and differ in no perceptible way from the beasts of the field. Suppose they had been allowed to grow up, they would have been like those castaways in India who have from time to time been found associated with herds of wild animals. In a Moscow paper the Commissar Lunarcharsky says that at least three hundred thousand children have been deserted by their parents and in numerous cases others have drowned their offspring in the Volga in order to spare them the agony of hunger. Given a world catastrophe of sufficient dimensions, humanity would be at once cast back to the condition of its neolithic ancestors.

IN a remarkable letter which is printed in this week's "Correspondence" Dr. Rowlands tells us that as a result of selected breeding he is now able to produce a pig which converts concentrated food costing only 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. into one pound of pork for which he receives 1s. 3d. Coming whence it does this is a very remarkable statement. Of course, it does not mean that it costs only 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. in concentrated food to produce a pound of pork. There are to be added establishment and other expenses which would be shown by any good system of book-keeping, but, even after liberal allowance for these has been made, the result is startling. Consumers will read the statement with amazement because of what they have to pay for the finished product, which is vastly out of proportion to the initial cost of production. They will argue that, on the figures of our correspondent, the price of all pig products might be very greatly reduced without depriving the breeder or the butcher of a very handsome profit. Of course, the recently issued Agricultural Returns of England and Wales show that breeders are not unaware of the opportunities of making money out of pigs. There was on June 4th, 1921, an increase of 46,300 sows, or 16 per cent., kept for breeding, and in other pigs an increase of half a million, or 27.3 per cent., but still there is between sixty and ninety million pounds sterling worth of imported pig brought into this country every year. There seems a fair chance of British pigkeepers claiming a large proportion of this sum if they will improve their methods.

IT is announced that the Postmaster-General hopes early next spring to return to the three-halfpenny rate for letters and the penny rate for postcards. The public will say, "For this relief much thanks," but it does not touch the greater grievance, which is the embargo placed on week-end business by the closing of Post Office work between Saturday night and Monday morning. This has the effect of taking a complete day out of the week. Unless letters are posted early on Saturday they are not delivered until, at best, the last post on Monday evening or, oftener, the first post on Tuesday morning. It is one of the most irritating little changes that have ever been made in the Post Office—thoroughly retrograde in character and an injury to the commercial world. The abolition of postal delivery on Sunday was nothing in comparison, although it is a hardship

in the country where people who used to send many miles for their letters on Sunday morning cannot receive them now. On weekdays, if there is no delivery at night and one sends or calls for a letter, even if they have been sorted for delivery, an unwarrantable charge of six-pence is made for the mere act of looking to see whether there is anything for the applicant or not. Such a policy of irritating the public would not be endured in any save an official business.

THE end of the last Test match has given rise to a good deal of criticism of the Australian captain. When England went in a second time and it was clear that there could be no definite issue, the Australian captain treated the match in a rather cavalier manner. After putting on his two famous fast bowlers for a while, he tried some who were much less skilful, and his own bearing in the field was, as it appears, a little lethargic. Some critics have talked and written as if nothing of the kind had ever been done before, but a third innings, when the match cannot be finished, is often treated rather light-heartedly in all classes of cricket. Again, very emphatic language has been used as to what was due to the spectators, but it is not desirable that they should think themselves dictators of the game, even if they pay to witness it. At the same time, though the line must always be hard to draw, it is a pity that the match was allowed to become quite so obviously farcical. We do not want our young cricketers to think that nothing in the game matters but the winning of it; and a too faithful imitation of Mr. Armstrong's tactics might lead some of them to that disastrous conclusion.

A MINING DISTRICT.

Where are the elves gone? Where are the little wild elves, The fairies, and brownies, and magical snips of ourselves? Oh, it's lonely, and jarring, and dingy where angry man delves! For Thor and the thieves of the Town have stolen the elves.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

OFFICIALLY it is stated that the cost of living went up during the last month, but the public have very good reason for saying that it ought not to have done so. The rise in the price of butter, eggs and vegetables is an accident due to the drought. If we take far more important articles we find there should have been a fall in price. Bakers, for instance, are keeping the staff of life at 1s. 1d. a quartern loaf despite the fact that there has been a fall of six shillings in the price of flour—three shillings now and three shillings previously. Stock-breeders, again, are but too well aware that the higher prices obtainable a few months ago for fat beasts are non-existent now, and, instead of a profit, they have to face a loss on each bullock and each sheep sold to the butcher. It is the latter who monopolises the benefit, however. The price of meat has not gone down to the consumer. Attention should be directed to this as much as is possible, because it is only a healthy public opinion that will cause the middleman to respond, with promptitude, to the fall in cost to him which ought to be reflected in his charge to the public. A bad war habit still persists. It is that of clinging to high prices after the cause for them have been removed.

THE removal of the Devonshire House gates to a new position in Green Park opens a fresh chapter in the interesting history of one of the finest examples of our national ironwork to be found in the Metropolis. The gates stood originally at Heathfield, whence they were taken, by the Duke of Devonshire of that day, to be re-erected at Chiswick, and later were brought to Devonshire House by that duke who figured so largely in the political life of his day as the Marquess of Hartington. They now cross to the opposite side of Piccadilly to take up a position facing the Broad Avenue of Green Park, and their beautiful design and fine craftsmanship should add appreciably to the distinction of that side of the park. The task of transplanting them needed, of course, to be done with as little dismantling as possible, and Messrs. Cubitt, in carrying out the work, made use of the Vickery transporter.

WHALING NEAR GIBRALTAR

BY COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

IT may come as a surprise to some to learn that quite recently the discovery has been made that whales frequent the Straits of Gibraltar in sufficient numbers to make their pursuit and killing a matter of some commercial importance.

The curious point is that, so little have they hitherto attracted attention, that very few people, even among those most intimately acquainted with these waters, have suspected their presence. In my own maritime excursions extending over many years, I cannot recall seeing more than two or three, and the veteran King's Harbour Master, Mr. W. Stevens, who has been at Gibraltar for over fifty years, tells me that his experiences are similar. This failure to observe is not due to any want of keeping a sharp look-out, for I have repeatedly, in former years, gone out cruising, trying (I admit with conspicuous ill-success) to harpoon dolphins and porpoises, which abound. The simple reason, then, for not having seen whales lies in the fact of not knowing how to look for them or how to "spot" them at a distance.

The story of their discovery is a simple one. Some little time back a Norwegian with great experience of whale fishing prospected the seas adjacent to the Rock, and, having ascertained that there were whales, set about getting the necessary permission from the Spanish authorities to establish a station where the carcases of those killed could be dealt with.

During this last winter some small buildings were completed on the foreshore of the Spanish coast about four miles south of Algeciras and a stone slipway constructed on which to land and haul up the carcases. Later, two small screw steamers, of about 100 tons each, arrived, fitted for the pursuit of whales.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be mentioned that for many years the pursuit and slaughter of whales has been effected by steamers armed with harpoons thrown by small guns. So far as I know, the methods of the

old-time chase in a four-oared "whaler" whence a man threw a harpoon by hand is practically a thing of the past. I propose to describe here the methods which I have actually seen in use recently.

Owing to the courtesy of the manager of the company, Captain Bruun of the Norwegian Mercantile Marine, I was allowed to embark on one of the whaling steamers in April last and witness the operation of whale hunting. Omitting technicalities, this little steamer, which may be taken as typical of the craft employed, is fitted with a "crow's nest," or observing station, for the look-out man above her cross-trees on the foremast about 40ft. above the sea. Amidships, on top of the ordinary deck-house on the bridge is an extra stage for the steersman, whence a voice-tube leads down to the engine-room. Right in the bow, on a platform, a small gun is mounted, so pivoted as to permit of fire being directed ahead and on either beam.

This is the post of the "captain." From these three points of vantage these three men, and these three only, carry out the whole operation, the remainder of the crew being at their stations on the decks below. The gun employed reminds one of a small howitzer and is fitted with a pistol-grip and shoulder-piece like the old Hotchkiss gun. The harpoon deserves mention. It consists of a 4ft. double steel bar attached by a socket to a steel point 18ins. long, fitted with three hinged barbed flukes. A sharp-pointed drill carrying a small bursting charge is screwed into the head. This is fused so as to explode after the harpoon has entered the whale, the whole forming a most formidable projectile. It was explained to me that a whale's "vitals" lie in the tail portion and that this is the point always aimed at. To the steel bar is attached, by some wire rope, sixty fathoms of the best 4in. hemp rope of special strength for firing purposes; this is coiled on a tray below the muzzle of the gun, the other end being



THE SHOT.
Look-out man above.



WHALE SIGHTED.

"long-spliced" into a 7in. manila hawser 400 fathoms in length, which passes round the drum of a powerful winch on the deck below the bridge and thence into the cable tier below. The hawser is rove through a huge iron snatch-block suspended by a wire rope just below the cross-trees. By an ingenious arrangement this serves the double purpose of leading the hawser clear of the gear on deck when the harpoon is fired and also provides a means of relieving it from any sudden strain; for the wire rope of the snatch-block runs through a block below the "crown's-nest," and the "fall" is so secured that when the strain becomes excessive the snatch-block descends and the hawser runs out almost straight. The moment the pressure decreases the snatch-block automatically reverts to its original point aloft. In other words, this wire rope arrangement serves the same purpose as does a salmon-rod, and provides a powerful "play" whereby both the strain on the line is relieved and the whale exhausted. An exactly similar set of lines, connected with a second winch, working independently, is fitted on the other side of the boat. Thus a "whaler" of this type carries altogether about 1,000 fathoms of lines, one half being fitted on the starboard side and the other on the port side. Perhaps it may be as well to mention here that a thousand fathoms are well over "a mile and a furlong."

The object of the lighter part of the line (known as the "fore-runner"), in addition to its being more suited for firing purposes, is to ensure that, in the event of a whale making a determined rush and breaking away, less line may be lost.

Having thus tried to describe the gear employed, I will give a short account, from notes taken by me on the spot, of the chase and capture of a whale. Leaving Algeciras at 1 p.m., we steamed out into the Straits on a course S.W. by W. It was a brilliantly fine day with a fresh westerly wind but very little sea. Near the Pearl Rock we passed a school of dolphins and there were many sea birds about, mainly gulls and shearwaters, with a few razorbills and guillemots bound westward.

When about in mid-Straits, at 1.57 p.m., the man in the crown's-nest reported a whale some two miles ahead, "blowing." The steersman at once altered course to S. by W. and we made for the spot, the whale's movements being reported at short intervals. To the uninitiated nothing could be seen, for a

whale's "blow" in a breeze when the waves are curling resembles the spray of a breaking wave and *not* the time-honoured fountain jet as popularly drawn; so, at least, it seemed to me.

We altered course gradually, working westward, and four minutes later, back to S. by W. Soon a whale "blew" about half a mile ahead of us. It was now 2.4 p.m. After following up this whale for some ten minutes without success, at 2.17 p.m. we altered course to W. by N. so as to close on another "blow" reported from aloft. Three minutes later a fine whale suddenly came to the surface close on the port bow swimming on our course and quickly dived. I should mention that the steamer had been running at about eleven knots, but when engaged in closing on a whale or manoeuvring to obtain a point of vantage the speed was much slower—some seven knots, and even as low as four or five. After an exciting minute or two the great beast suddenly reappeared hardly 50yds. ahead and, arching its back like a dolphin or porpoise, plunged forward. The captain, who had his hand on the trigger of the pistol and his shoulder to the butt, took a quick shot, but just as he did so the whale dived and the harpoon flew harmlessly close over its back. A narrow shave!

A minute later, at 2.22 p.m., before there was time to re-charge the gun and prepare another harpoon, two whales broke on our starboard bow some seventy yards out. Next moment one of these swung round and dived, passing under us amidships, its dark-coloured back and brilliantly white underparts showing with extraordinary clearness through the sun-lit waters immediately below us—for all the world like a gigantic fish at play. This whale now joined another on the port bow: possibly the one we had fired at and missed.

Throughout these exciting seconds hardly a word was spoken or order given. The captain stood by his gun apparently unconcerned but ever ready to fire, the man in the crow's-nest at intervals indicated a change of direction, while the man at the wheel carried on silently, now and again putting his mouth to the voice-tube. The results, however, were remarkable, for several times the little steamer was placed at some point close to where, a moment later, a whale "blew," sometimes 50yds. on our beam or perhaps 100yds. ahead. It was a fine example of skilled men working in unison, as if endued with some specially



LARGE FIN-BACK DIVING.

developed new sense for detecting the course of a diving whale and imparting it to one another.

Eventually we lost these whales and resumed our cruising, first S.W. by S. and then W. I now had a chance to check our position roughly and found that the Rock bore about N. by E. and the highest point of Apes Hill lay S. by W., we being nearer to the African than to the Spanish coast.

At 2.35 p.m. a fine whale broke about half a mile on the starboard bow and we had another chase. A quarter of an hour later it was rolling on the surface about 200yds. ahead and aligned with the Rock, and a photograph was attempted. Suddenly another whale broke on the port bow and surged forward. When about 60yds. off, so far as I could judge, the captain fired, and we saw the harpoon plunge into the back of the great animal just "abaft" the fin, the hawser paying out stiff as the whale dashed forward. It was a curious sight to see the great hawser emerging, as it were, from the small of the back of the stricken animal and leading in-board of our ship.

I heard or saw nothing to indicate that the charge in the head of the harpoon had exploded, for soon after being struck the whale made a prodigious dive and the hawser ran out furiously; next moment it slackened, and it seemed to me that the whale must have broken away, but such was not the case, for soon the hawser tautened again and ran out at great speed. The whale now suddenly reappeared some 400yds. to 500yds. north of us, evidently in great trouble. It was while thus engaged that a second and much larger whale suddenly appeared and "blew" close to us, but of course it was impossible to tackle it. We now altered course and followed up our whale, and gradually the hawser was shortened in on the winch. The whale continued to press northward, coming frequently to the surface and causing the hawser at times to stretch with alarming rigidity. The effects of the shot were, however, apparently telling, for gradually it slackened its speed, keeping just ahead of us, sometimes about two points on the starboard bow and sometimes on the port bow. Eventually we gave it a second shot at about 30yds. which practically "killed" it.

We now hauled up alongside the beast, we steaming ahead dead slow, and a man in the fore-chains drove a lance into its back, causing a great effusion of very crimson blood. When the "flukes" were just below the port shrouds a line and lead were passed with the aid of a boat-hook below the whale and a light rope hauled round it, and a heavy iron chain passed round the body just in front of the flukes. By means of



WHALE HARPOONED



FIN-BACK WHALE, FAST ON HARPOON LINE, TOWING THE WHALER AHEAD.
The captain at the gun waiting for the second shot.

a tackle and the winch the tail end of the carcase was now hauled up a few feet until high level with our gunwale and there secured. Meanwhile we set our course homeward, the carcase dragging alongside us belly upwards with head and fore part submerged. As we passed the Pearl Rock, a stormy petrel suddenly appeared and followed in our wake, apparently taking considerable interest in our proceedings. These little birds are not often seen so close to Gibraltar.

On reaching the whaling station at Getares Bay we stopped our engines and made fast to a raft moored about 200yds. from the landing-stage, and as we did so the head of the whale rapidly sank. The belly was now lanced, much blood welling out, and a wire armoured rubber hose was inserted into the stomach and air pumped in. The carcase, which was hanging nearly vertically downwards, now rapidly rose and lay almost horizontally fore-and-aft alongside us and we were able to examine the body at our leisure.

A most remarkable and interesting feature in the structure of these whales is the series of deep parallel fissures running longitudinally along the chest and underparts, so suggestive of the pleats of a kilt. The flippers were small, about 6ft.



THE WHALE ALONGSIDE.

or so in length. I paced the deck from the point where the flukes were secured to that above the submerged head below our quarter, and made the length of our capture to be about 54ft. The species was declared to be the common fin-back whale or rorqual (*Balaenoptera muculus*), which, according to Lyddeker, attains a size of about 60ft. to 65ft., and subsists mainly on fish, particularly codfish. Needless to say, it is one of the "whalebone" whales.

The last act was to pump in more air, plug the hole with oakum and moor the carcase securely to the raft, where it would remain until the following morning, when the workmen on shore would be ready to receive and deal with it.

Captain Bruun, in reply to my question as to what species of whales he expected to meet with in the Straits, said he believed he would come across *all* sorts. He told me that in addition to the fin-back he had seen the hump-back (a somewhat smaller species), also the cachalot (one of the toothed whales) and the big "sulphur-belly." One of these was sighted recently in the Straits and was chased, but was not molested upon its being found that she was accompanied by a big-sized calf.

The whale whose death I have recorded was the fourteenth killed in the two weeks which had elapsed since the fishery was first started. Since then the weekly average has been about the same, the total "bag" up to the end of May being over sixty.

LAWN TENNIS TOPICS

THE weather since the break-up of the drought has been bringing home to tournament committees the absolute necessity of devising some scheme by which entries may be limited. All through the summer the enormous increase in entries—varying from 25 per cent. to nearly 100 per cent. at most tournaments—has been welcomed by the tournament treasurer (if not exactly by the tournament secretary!); but at every tournament it has been obvious to the referee that to attempt to carry the meeting through to a conclusion was merely a gamble with the weather. Half a day's rain at any of the big meetings must have resulted in disaster. But the gambler with the weather kept on coming out on the right side until the end of the first week in August. Since then matters have been very different. In spite of the well known devices of playing short sets or one-set matches, many tournaments have not been able to "get through"; in more than one case whole events have had to be scrapped—a most unsatisfactory proceeding to those who have only entered for the particular event selected for sacrifice. The North of England Championship meeting at Scarborough last week affords an admirable example of the kind of thing that is bound to happen if no steps are taken to limit entries in some way. Last year Scarborough had about seven hundred matches on its programme—enough in all conscience! The weather was bad: the programme was only got through by playing one-set matches in most of the handicap events. This year there were 960 matches to be got through on the same number of courts; and, though it did not actually rain so much as it did in 1920, it was sufficiently wet to keep many of the courts out of commission in the mornings until they had dried up a little, and a "sea-fret" during most of the week made the surface slippery all the time. So, rather than play short sets or one-set matches, a whole event went to the scrap-heap, almost unregretted. But this, though a necessary, is not a satisfactory way of dealing with a programme: and the lesson is very likely to be brought well home in the remaining tournaments of the season, which, being "holiday" meetings, are certain to break all their records for number of entries.

The real trouble is that committees cannot harden their hearts to refuse entries—even entries that come in long after the time for closing them. Naturally, they want all the players (and their entry fees!) that they can get, even at the price of an unfinished programme. I do not blame them: their expenses are heavy, and they must at any rate make both ends meet. At the same time, they cannot both eat their cake and keep it: if swollen entry fees mean unfinished tournaments, those tournaments will tend to lose their popularity; for there is nothing that the average competitor hates worse than to reach, say, the semi-final round of an event and then to have the prizes in that event divided.

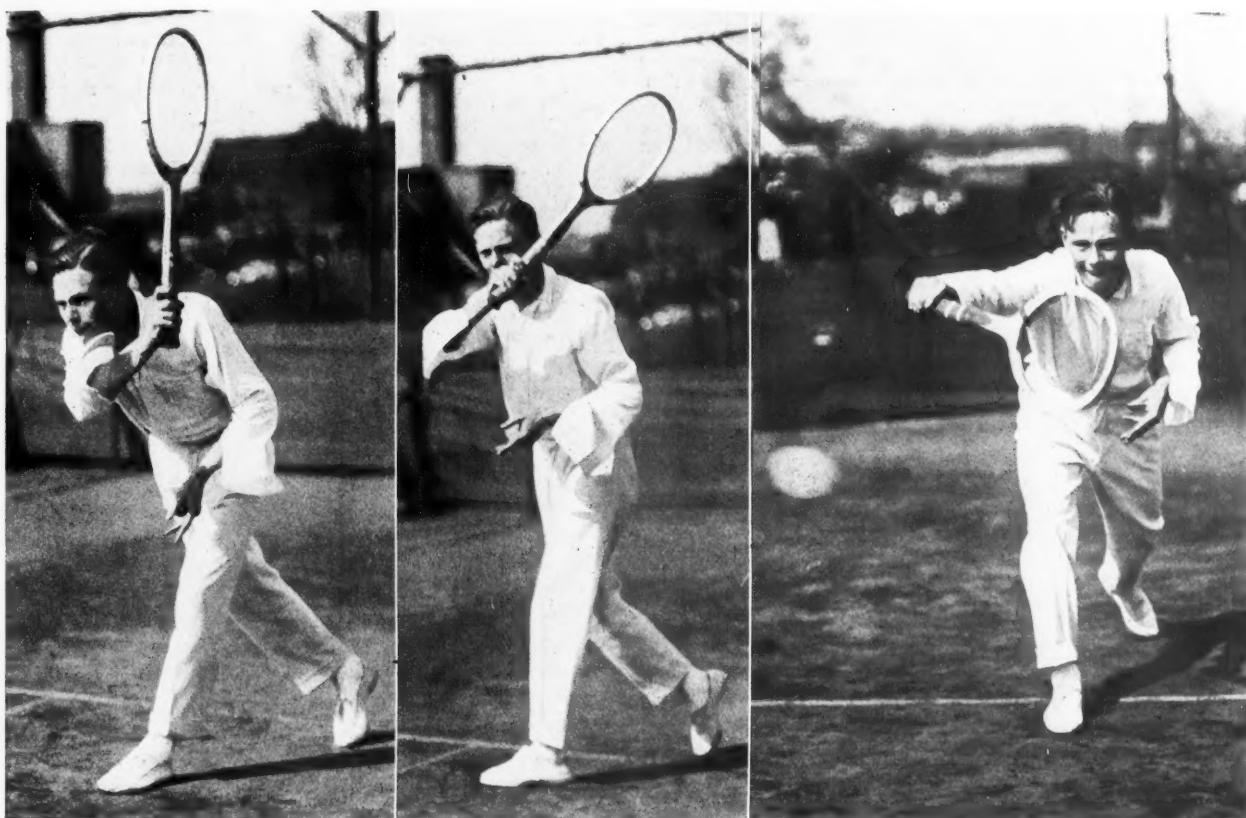
There are numerous possibilities in the way of limitation of entries. One would be to allow no competitor to enter in more than four, or at the most five, events. This would tend to limit the congestion in the level singles and level mixed doubles, since these are the two events the "rabbit" would naturally elect to give a miss in. Another, which would have much the same effect, would be to limit the entry for level singles to those players who had been placed in a first-class singles handicap. Another would be the abolition of the inclusive entry fee, which was an excellent thing when tournaments were struggling to get entries, but which is an incubus now that they have more entries than they can tackle.

But perhaps the best solution of the difficulty would be the abolition of two out of the three doubles handicaps. These are the events which really block the way more than any other. Often enough now prudent committees omit the ladies' doubles handicaps from their programmes. This seems rather hard luck on the ladies, if the men's corresponding event is allowed to stay. I have, indeed, heard many complaints on this score; and I have no doubt I shall hear many more. The mixed doubles handicap must, of course, be retained: it is the most popular event of the whole tournament, because everybody plays in it, and it affords the "rabbits" an admirable opportunity for glory, and for relating to admiring friends the tale of how they beat the cracks at such-and-such a tournament, without bothering to mention that they were in receipt of the odds of 30—2 or thereabouts! And if the exclusion of both men's and ladies' doubles handicaps from a tournament seems too drastic, it would be perfectly easy, on the last two days of a meeting, to run through these two events, confining the entry for them to players who had already been beaten in the mixed doubles handicap. It is not a huge total of matches to be played that prevents a tournament being completed: it is the presence of perhaps half a dozen players who, playing perhaps above their form, are still sticking in all events.

F. R. BURROW.

THE FAVOURITE STROKES OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

MR. B. I. C. NORTON'S FOREHAND DRIVE.



A FOREHAND DRIVE DOWN HIS OWN LINE.

Note the perfect footwork and transference of weight on to the forward foot.

FOREHAND DRIVE ACROSS THE COURT.

HALF WAY THROUGH THE BACKHAND DRIVE

The horizontal position of the racket is a most important point.

MR. B. I. C. NORTON fills the bill as an all-rounder as well as any player in existence. He is armed *cap-a-pie*. His game is well balanced, no single stroke overshadowing the rest, though his driving strikes a higher level than his volleying and wins him more aces. His best affections seem to be divided between his forehand and backhand drives, with a possible preference for the former, the more forceful of the two. Incidentally, and the fact will serve to emphasise the quality of his tennis, Mr. Norton should to-day be World's Champion. That he is not is due to a freakish lapse against Mr. Tilden in the challenge round at Wimbledon.

His forehand drive is of the horizontal topspin genus, freely hit, but not always with due regard for length, a weakness he

shares with the majority of first-class players of the day, for poverty of length is the special weakness of post-war tennis. But latterly he has been striving for a better length, with the result that his game has been considerably strengthened. This drive of Mr. Norton's is not unlike the late Mr. A. F. Wilding.

The ball is taken somewhere about wrist high, with a slight "lift," which, with the subsequent turnover of the racket from right to left, produces topspin. It is essentially the class of drive for successfully dealing with the American service, for it collars and controls the ball as the plain or cut drive seldom does. Mr. Norton is no believer in half measures. His mental attitude towards the ball is the right one. He regards it as a thing to be hit, and hit it he does with all his might, timidity certainly



CROSS-COURT BACKHAND DRIVE.

A horizontal follow-through. Thumb along handle.



FINISH OF BACKHAND DRIVE DOWN HIS OWN LINE.

The racket following-through down the line of the ball's flight and vertically.

never being the cause of failure. But this drive would never be the effective weapon it is without his wonderful footwork, so clearly attested by the illustrations. Swing, timing, footwork, follow-through, four vital features of the drive, are all ingredients of Mr. Norton's forehand shot. Volleys have no terrors for a player with a downright drive of this kind, which he can play equally well in all directions. Like Mr. S. H. Smith, he ignores the man at the net and hits the ball past him.

His backhand drive is played in an exactly similar way and is a very orthodox shot, both as to grip and execution. The thumb is held along the back of the handle as the illustrations show, after the manner of nearly all first-class players, though there is less uniformity in this detail among American and Colonial than among English players. Mr. Norton, of course, changes his grip, as Mr. Wilding wisely learnt to do. On

his own admission, Mr. Wilding would never have won the Championship, as he did on three occasions, unless he had substituted the English grip for his awkward Colonial method, thereby gaining much more in accuracy than he lost in severity.

Not only is Mr. Norton's backhand drive correctly and accurately played, it is also forceful, much more so than the ordinary run of backhand drives. It has the same qualities as his forehand—free swing, full follow-through and right footwork.

All the illustrations, some more, some less, bring out one vital circumstance of the correctly played drive—the sideways position of the body to the net.

Though temperamentally a warning rather than a model for young players, Mr. Norton may, so far as his driving is concerned, be safely copied by all those eager to improve their game.

E. E. W.

THE WAY OF A THRUSH WITH A SNAIL



HAMMERING SNAIL-SHELLS ON A PROTRUDING BRANCH-END (NIGHT-SWALLOW (?)).

THE way of a thrush with a snail might have been added to the way of a man with a maid as a fourth thing the Wise Man did not know. Evidently it is no secret to the Belgian photographer who took these pictures. Our own photographers have found the shell-heap and snapped the thrush, but if there is any English camera artist who has caught the blackbird at his anvil with the shell in his mouth in the very act of breaking and adding the fragments to his refuse heap, he has not come our way. Pictures as intimate have frequently been shown in these columns, such, for example, as the cormorant with live little fish in his beak going to feed his young, but no such variety of birds as the night-swallow (which we do not identify), the starling and the blackbird has been previously sent us.

One wonders where the difficulty has arisen. The sight is no very rare one. Indeed, the writer frequently witnessed it himself in the early mornings—the glorious mornings—of last June. It was in a garden that is not more than a Sabbath day's journey from London—though when you are there no suggestion of town is visible. Heavy-footed hinds steer their great Shire horses up and down the drill: their master, even in these summer days, distinguishes between God's time and man's time. Visitors in spring are awakened by a clamour of bird music and lulled to sleep by the cawing of rooks.

In the garden song-thrushes are recovering population after being nearly exterminated by the severe winter of a few years ago. A reason was that the thrush is not by any means so cunning as the blackbird, which knows there are pickings on the soft clean earth under garden evergreens, while the thrush goes wandering over ploughland and stubble to meet death if the frost is hard enough. Fortunately, the song-thrush during the mild winters that we have had recently seems to have recovered its old population. At any rate, dozens frequent the garden now where single birds were seldom seen a few years

ago. They particularly frequent a certain spot in the garden which became endeared to them during the drought. It is a little clearing in the middle of a wilderness of shrubs. There is a small garden house which would admirably serve as a hide for a photographer. Unfortunately, the owner is not an expert with the camera, otherwise it would have been extremely easy to photograph the birds from a distance of only a few feet. What attracted them was a little water pipe fed by the bath water from the house and used for watering the garden. In consequence the ground all round the pipe was wet during the whole of the dry season, and very many different kinds of birds came to drink, the water being placed in vessels partly to benefit them and partly to save the fruit. The raspberry plantation and the strawberry bed are at no great distance, and it was found that a plentiful supply of water seemed to overcome the temptation to raid this luscious fruit—at least, it very nearly overcame it. Some of the berries were taken, but it was not a serious toll on a very excellent crop.

The thrushes and the blackbirds discovered that the very creatures that they lived on were attracted to this small oasis in the wilderness. Even the worms which had dived deep into the earth in other parts of the garden used to pop their heads out in the dewy morning, and they were the chief attraction to the blackbirds. It was most amusing to watch the "ouzel cock with orange tawny bill" dealing with a large worm. It was not the time when he himself gormandised: it is extraordinary to see how thin old birds become when they are feeding their broods. The robin—the most affectionate of fathers—became a thing of skin and bone, and even the blackbird was not nearly so plump as is usual with him. He would tug and tug and tug at the worm till he either got him out of his fastness or broke him in two. When either of these events occurred he had a great work in dividing his prey into a bundle of little chops and steaks. We say "bundle" advisedly, because he had his point



BLACKBIRD AT AN EMERGING ROOT.

to which he brought each fraction of a worm until, presumably, he had enough for a meal. Then he collected the lot in his bill and flew away almost close to the ground except when he rose over one yew hedge and made for the other where his mate and hungry brood were. The thrushes by no means disdain Sally Worm, but far prefer those little snails which crawl about with their houses on their backs. There was a heap lying on the bare place beneath a barberry bush. Before the thrush could begin his butcher work he had to smash the snail's shell, and he had evidently performed the operation a great number of times before he was noticed. The heap he had made was not comparable in magnitude with those shown in the photographs, which were very kindly supplied by Professor Bols.

We have said that the thrush did not miss a worm if he came across it, so, likewise, the blackbird frequently seized a snail and more frequently stole a portion from the thrush, for, as may be imagined, all this business was not carried on without

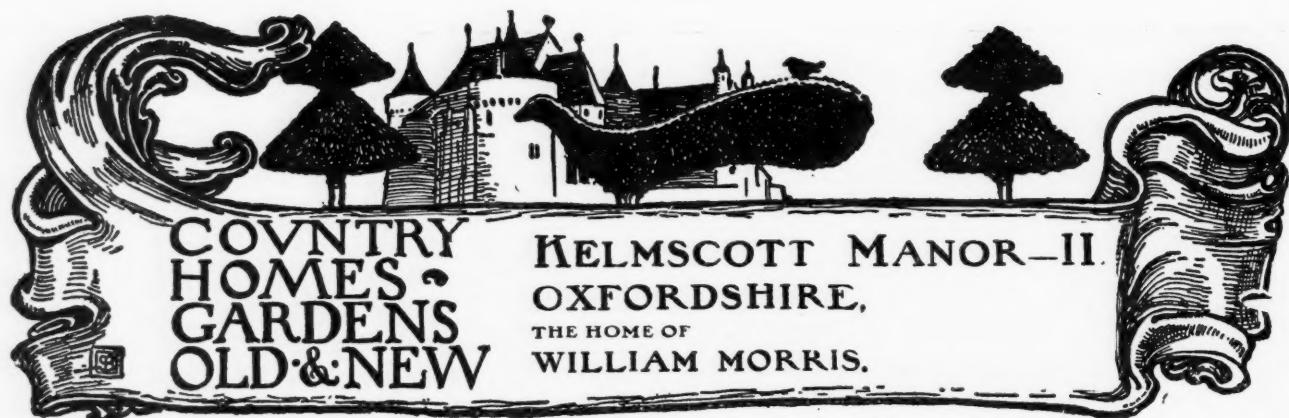
a considerable amount of bickering. Many other birds came, chiefly for the water, but few of them refused a piece of worm when they could obtain it. They did not show the same covetousness about snails.

Although this went on for several weeks, with nothing but a pane of glass between the human observer and the bird actors, we never actually saw a blackbird breaking the shell of a snail; but frequently they would seize one and fly away with it—whether there was another heap of shells somewhere else was never discovered, for this was a by-play to the observer who, as it happened, was very much concentrated on what he was doing himself.

Professor Bols of Malines, to whom we are indebted for the Belgian photographs, describes them as "a night swallow (?) hammering snail-shells on a protruding branch and a blackbird doing the same on an emerging root-nodosity, and a blackbird and a starling intending to hammer snail-shells on the remnant of a tree stump."



BLACKBIRD AND STARLING AT THE REMNANT OF A TREE STUMP.



AMONG those rare collaborations where each man shows himself the true complement of the other it is difficult to conceive there could be one more perfect than the almost life-long association of Burne-Jones with William Morris, so rich in fruits, so happy in all its relations. In their book-illustrations, their stained-glass windows, and even more markedly in the splendid arras tapestries from the Merton Abbey looms, the effect produced is of work created by one brain, one hand, harmonious and true to itself in every detail. And if this holds good of the great Stanmore series of the legend of the Holy Grail, it is, if possible, even more perfectly realised in the beautiful

"Adoration of the Kings" (Fig. 11) which is the glory of Exeter College, Oxford, and has been repeated with certain variations of tone and colour for the choir of Eton Chapel. This splendid piece of tapestry, "a blaze of colour and looking like a carol," as Burne-Jones wrote of it, holds the eye by its broad massing of rich and luminous colour from which the abundance of minute and exquisite detail in nowise detracts. In particular the carpet of flowers added by Morris enhances the beauty of the whole effect. At Eton the "Adoration" is hung between two additional panels of winged angels adapted from those of the Morris window in Salisbury Cathedral, named "Angeli Ministrantes" and "Angeli Laudantes," the latter being represented by a replica in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The figures are in every case by Burne-Jones, the flowered borders and backgrounds being added by Morris, usually assisted by Mr. H. Dearle. The transparent nimbus framing each angel's head has a delicate and charming effect, and the folded wings, shading from rose-pink to crimson, tell very beautifully against the low-toned foliage of the background. In the gallery, side by side with the "Angeli Laudantes," is shown one of the rare examples of a figure composition designed throughout by Morris himself. "The Orchard," though closely related to his decorative painting in Jesus College Chapel at Cambridge, is well suited to the limitations of the loom, but the four figures holding a scroll lengthwise are wanting in interest, which chiefly resides in their pleasant background of autumnal fruits and the flowers at their feet. Here also may be seen Walter Crane's admirable cartoon for the "Goose-girl," which was the first piece of figure-weaving executed at Merton Abbey.

Of the celebrated Stanmore tapestries little mention is necessary, especially as they have recently passed *via* the auction-room into the possession of the Duke of Westminster. Though not intrinsically more beautiful than the "Adoration," their larger scope places them in another category and submits them to a different kind of criticism. From one point of view the archaic spirit of the Arthurian legend forms the standard of their achievement, while from another, and the more general one, these sumptuous decorations are all-sufficing in their wealth of colour, their infinity of elaborate



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1.—THE PAVED ENTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE TAPESTRY ROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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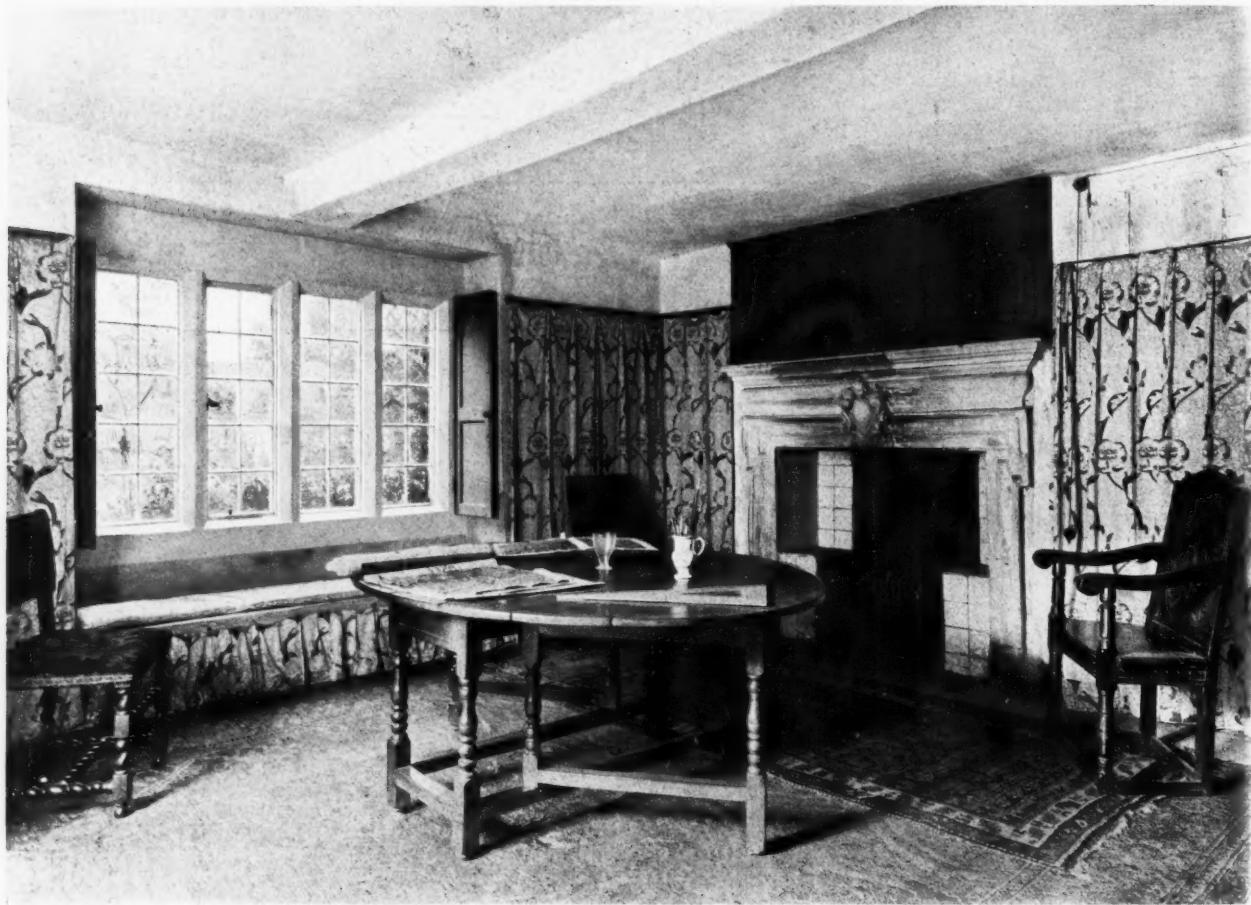
3.—THE CHIMNEYPEICE IN THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ornament, their "pattern," in the modern artistic sense, and the idealisation natural to an artist steeped in the glamour of the "Morte d'Arthur."

This remarkable revival of the art of high-warp tapestry weaving, which absorbed a very considerable share of William Morris's energies during the later years of his life, was an undertaking which most emphatically required for its success his fine artistic sense, his skill in craftsmanship, and pertinacity in the research of rich and permanent dyes. It was an enterprise on which he entered with misgiving, doubtful of its commercial success, owing to the cost of producing the highest kind of work, and remarking that "as nothing is so beautiful as fine tapestry, nothing is so ugly and base as bad: *e.g.*, the Gobelins or the present Aubusson work." In short, the tapestry weaver should be either himself an artist or in close association with one who is a good colourist and draughtsman, able to draw the human figure, especially hands and feet, and with a feeling for decoration; tapestry at its highest being the painting of pictures with coloured wools on a warp. He conceded, however, that "a sort of half-picture, *i.e.* scroll-work or leafage could be done by most intelligent people (young girls would do) under direction." When the high-warp

his studio, but during the cold winter that followed that first summer at Kelmscott he was obliged to descend to the warmer latitudes of the large drawing-room on the ground floor. The Tapestry Room was, however, William Morris's favourite summer parlour. There he would sit writing those graphic letters to his intimates which tell so much of the man himself, as when he writes to his daughter Jenny: "I got in such a mess down in the Green Room and painted myself so much that I feel quite happy sitting up here in the Tapestry elegantly and like a gentleman!" or when he describes "the glimpses through the south window of the Thames close-meadows and the pretty little elmcrowned hill over in Berkshire"; or, "if you sit in the proper place the barn aforesaid with its beautiful sharp gable, the grey stone sheds, and the dove-cot, also the flank of the earlier house and its little gables and grey scaled roofs, and this is a beautiful outlook indeed." The only important addition made by Morris to the Tapestry Room consists of a very beautiful old Persian carpet which in some magical way harmonises delightfully with everything else, including the Morris-tiled fireplace (Fig. 3). But although this latter, with its cradle-grate, conveys a suggestion of modernity, the chimneypiece with the coat of arms of the former



Copyright.

4.—THE GREEN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

looms were set up at Merton in 1881, it was found that boys could be easily trained for the purpose, and it was remarkable how rapidly the young apprentices, chosen almost at random, developed the special aptitudes necessary to their task under the eye of a master-weaver such as Morris, who was at the same time a master of colour and design.

It is significant of William Morris's horror of restorations that, notwithstanding his satisfaction in the success of his tapestries, he never thought of replacing by work of his own looms those which he found on the walls of the Tapestry Room at Kelmscott Manor (Fig. 2), although, as he dispassionately remarked, these last (representing the story of Samson and dating from about 1600) "were never great works of art, and now when all the bright colours are faded out, and nothing is left but the indigo blues, the greys, and the warm yellowish browns, they look better I think, than they were meant to look; at any rate they make the walls a very pleasant background for the living people who haunt the room; and in spite of the designer they give an air of romance to the room which nothing else could do." It was this "air of romance" that appealed, no doubt, to Rossetti when he chose this old-world upper chamber for

owners, the Turners, previously mentioned, belongs to the seventeenth century and is characteristic of that period in its punning device of four millrynds, or turners, a millrynd being the iron centre of the upper millstone of a cornmill, connected with the spindle by means of an "eye."

Below this room, in the panelled parlour (Fig. 7), is another fine old carved stone chimneypiece (Fig. 5), having in this instance festoons of fruits in high relief on either side of the armorial shield. Besides this pleasant room, with its wide window-seat and casements looking out upon the garden, there is the Green Room (Fig. 4) alluded to by Morris as the scene of his misadventures in house-painting. The woodwork does indeed uphold the appropriateness of the name, but, none the less, the prevailing colour is blue, since the walls are hung with a favourite Morris chintz, known as the Kennet (so called, like several others, after a tributary of the Thames), which is printed in graduated tones of indigo, with touches interspersed of a pure, bright yellow, and leaves, once green, now somewhat faded, a fate from which the indigo dye is not entirely exempt. Another of Morris's happiest designs, "The Strawberry Thief," is hung in



Copyright.

5.—THE PANELLED ROOM CHIMNEYPEICE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE GREEN ROOM CHIMNEYPEICE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE PANELLED ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—AN ANCIENT GARRET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the dining-room. The walls of the drawing-room are painted white, as of old. To find a blue that is practically "fast" one must turn to the hangings of "Navy serge" on which Mrs. Morris at the outset of her married life embroidered a large conventional design of flowers in the Berlin wools which were then (in the days before crewels) the only materials available for the purpose. A portion of these hangings, a relic of Red House, survives on the wall of the corridor or lobby leading out of the entrance hall (Fig. 9).

Kelmscott holds yet one more beautiful example of the family genius for decorative embroidery. In the bedroom formerly occupied by William Morris (Fig. 10) stands a handsome carved oak fourposter of the seventeenth century, with curtains designed and embroidered by Miss May Morris. Not the least part of her labour must have been given to the Gothic lettering of the valance, on which is wrought a verse from a poem expressly written for it by her father, the concluding lines running :

But this I say
Night treadeth on day
And for worst and best
Right good is rest.

"On an evening of early autumn, looking down from the doorway of the Tapestry Room, you may see how the golden sunset fills the room and lights up the scroll," wrote Miss May Morris in a biographical note, and one can realise very easily how to her "the old bed speaks." And not that only. William Morris in his lifetime spoke enthusiastically and eloquently of the things nearest his heart, whether art or nature, literature or social ethics were the matter in hand. But for every word of his he sent forth into the world a thousand silent messages with beauty for their theme. "Love and work, these two things only" were essential to him, and the meaning of life as he read it he gave to his fellow-men in the work of his hands and the imagination of his heart.

William Morris died untimely, in his sixty-third year, and was buried in Kelmscott churchyard, having literally burnt himself out with excess of mental and physical strain. He died, as was said of him by a medical attendant, simply of being William Morris, and having done more than is done by most ten men.

On much, on the greater part, indeed, of his achievement it has not lain within the scope of this article to dwell, nor to enlarge upon those works which he himself regarded with the greatest satisfaction, such as his poem of the "Story of the Volsungs,"



Copyright.

9.—A CORRIDOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

10.—WILLIAM MORRIS'S BEDROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."



III.—THE "ADORATION OF THE KINGS."

derived from an Icelandic Saga, and the magnificent Kelmscott Chaucer (printed on vellum with a white pigskin cover designed by him), of which it were hard to say whether the Burne-Jones figures, the type designed by Morris, or his wonderful borders contribute most to the perfection of

the whole. But it may be hazarded that long after these things, fine and good as they are, have been forgotten, the stimulus that William Morris gave to literature, to art and the crafts allied to art, will live and still bear fruit in days to come.

CORONA MORE.

MIXED FOURSOMES

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAVE just been engaged in an affair at once daring and delicate. I have screwed up my courage to make a proposal to a lady—to be my partner in a mixed foursome tournament. I am glad to say that she did not keep me in suspense, "according," as Mr. Collins said in "Pride and Prejudice," "to the usual practice of elegant females," and I have now got an admirable partner to pull me along in what should be a most entertaining competition. This tournament is to take place at Worplesdon on October 24th, 25th and 26th. It is a scratch tournament; entries close on October 9th, and the club is going to give a challenge bowl with replicas to the winners and prizes to the runners-up. Already I hear of several strong pairs, and one quite dreadfully good one. This consists of Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother Roger. Whoever else may enter, these two will almost certainly start as favourites for, apart from their intrinsically terrifying qualities, they will be on their own course. However, other people may cheer themselves by the recollection that they are not wholly invincible. Miss Alexa Stirling and Mr. de Montmorency, after being badly beaten by them in a four-ball match, had a very satisfactory revenge after lunch in a foursome, and that on this very course of Worplesdon. Two other couples are Miss Helme, infinitely steady and a very good putter, and Mr. T. A. Torrance, who can certainly get any length that is wanted; Miss Joy Winn, who is one of the most prominent of the younger school of ladies, and Major Cecil Hutchison. Miss Leitch will, I hope and suppose, be back from America by that time, with new honours thick upon her, and, whoever may be her partner, they will take much beating.

This tournament ought to be delightfully novel and interesting. Really good mixed doubles at golf are rare. Till I watched the one between Mr. and Miss Wethered and Mr. de Montmorency and Miss Stirling I personally had never seen one. We have seen the best ladies engage in pitched battles against good men, and, on the whole, it is better fun to watch them playing against each other, because in the Stoke Poges fights they have sometimes

seemed rather crushed by mere brute force. In a mixed foursome they will not suffer in that respect, and their extreme accuracy ought to make them most valuable allies. I shall be surprised if some of the couples do not play rounds very nearly, if not quite, as good as the arrogant male partner could play all by himself.

Let us now pass from the rarified atmosphere of this tournament of lady champions to the ordinary average mixed foursome, such as may be seen at the present moment on many seaside courses. It is a delightful amusement for those who play in it; not quite so delightful sometimes for those who play behind it. It would generally, I think, be better fun for all parties if it were played on the terms that the ladies drove from their own tees. I have occasionally fancied, when following in the wake of such a foursome on a "holiday" course, that it would be better if the gentlemen also adopted this modest policy; but that is another story. If the ladies heroically decide to drive from the men's tees they are sometimes confronted with carries such that their best shots must be bunkered, and that is no fun for anybody. If they drive from their own, then it should be an admirable game and one that always seems to me a fine test of the male golfer's skill and nerve. He must do everything he reasonably can to gain length, or else at the end of two shots there will be just a little bit of distance left over and the alliance will not reach the green in the orthodox number of strokes. At the same time he must not take big risks in the way of big bunkers because, once in a bunker, it is "the usual practice of elegant females" to stay there. The really good lady player is very good out of bunkers; there is, for instance, no greater artist in sand than Miss Grant Suttie, and Miss Leitch is likewise magnificent out of any abominably bad place. But there is, in this respect, a great gulf fixed between the very good and the ordinary; the average lady player never seems quite to have grasped the principle that the way to get out of a bunker is to clench the teeth and hit venomously and blasphemously hard; or perhaps it is that she has not the strength to act on it. At any rate, it is

much the best policy not to give her the chance of doing so, and she has every right to complain of a partner who does not obey the cardinal rule of foursome golf and "keep the ball in play."

Again, the man has always to look ahead and consider whether he is leaving the lady to make too dangerous and desperate a frontal attack upon the green. Many a man is comparatively brave when he has a bunker in front of him and will make a good enough shot; what frightens him and makes him go crooked is a narrow way between flanking hazards. With the average lady player it is, I think, rather the other way. She is courageous and trustworthy when it is a question of steering between Scylla and Charybdis; but when there is a chasm between her and the flags her partner must await the result with nervously averted eyes. Because she is not, as a rule, very strong in the hands and wrists, she is not very good at getting the ball into the air, and moderately bad lie makes it proportionately much more difficult for her. The man must therefore do some manœuvring

for position and remember that in a mixed foursome the longest way round is often the shortest way home.

The lady's nerve is tested, too, and that in a particularly trying way. She knows, or she ought to know (her partner, if he is a reasonably gallant man, cannot tell her so) that whether she hits a little longer or shorter, whether she takes her brassie through the green or her driving iron, does not so very greatly matter. What is required of her is a high standard of blamelessness in small things—and steady putting. Now, we all know that the shot wherein nothing is wanted but that we should keep out of trouble, is just the one with which we go most crooked; also that when we particularly want to putt well we putt most ill. That being so, the poor lady's lot is not so very easy or happy a one. Of course, as I said before, all these rather unchivalrous remarks apply only to the common or garden foursome. At Worplesdon all I shall try to do is to hit the mildest little "shotties" down the course and my partner will do all the rest.

DRIVING THE TROPICAL BUSH

Soon after the heavy rains begin, in many parts of tropical Africa, the country, except for a few well defined native tracks, is almost impassable. The thorny scrub—none too easy going at the best of times—becomes a tangled mass of luxuriant vegetation in which a European is quickly lost. Elephant grass, which often reaches far above one's head, grows thickly like gigantic wheat among the bushes. Prickly creepers, that wrap themselves closely around one's limbs and body, trail and climb in all directions. Every conceivable blood-sucking insect appears to infest these tangled thickets. Hunting in the wet season is always a toil and rarely is it profitable. A short half hour in the thick scrub may be counted on to convert the most respectable of shooting parties into a sweating, cursing rabble, whose one desire is to reach the open at any cost. When, at length, parched with thirst and scratched and bleeding, they do get clear, it is always with the fixed determination never again to enter the bush. Nothing but an over-developed love of sport or an insatiable craving for fresh meat will persuade the hunter to make a second attempt.

The local natives, with their wonderful sense of direction and comparative indifference to heat, thorns and flies, can usually be induced to force a way through a patch of dense scrub, but they do not do so from choice. By offering small rewards, however, I could, as a rule, get sufficient natives to act as beaters whenever I wanted to try a drive. As may be imagined, it was not an easy matter to arrange a beat. Most of my earlier attempts were hopeless failures; but when the natives became more proficient, I found that, even in the wet season, I could obtain a little sport of a kind, and that in comparative comfort and without any danger of getting lost.

The dense scrub was inhabited by many small antelopes of several varieties, and hares, guinea fowls, francolins, pigeons and bustards were fairly common. To add to the excitement there were also a few bigger antelopes; many wild pigs, led by ferocious-looking old boars with huge gleaming tusks; servals; civets and occasionally a leopard.

In some relatively clear space, or, better still, on the top of one of the huge ant-hills that lay dotted about in the bush, I used to take my stand and wait for anything that the beaters might rouse. At different times I made some strange mixed bags. I remember, at one of the first drives I tried, being startled by loud shouts

of "chui" (leopard) from the distant beaters. A moment or two later I caught a glimpse of a tawny, black-spotted form as it bounded gracefully through the vegetation, but almost instantly it disappeared. The small clearing in which I stood was covered by knee-high grass with many low bramble-like bushes scattered around. Forty feet away lay the edge of the dense scrub where for a moment I had seen the supposed leopard. Intently I gazed at the spot. For a time nothing happened. Then, quite near me, I saw the grass gently waving and realised that some animal was slowly creeping past me flat to the ground. I suppose I must have moved; at any rate, a long-legged, leopard-like beast sprang up and bounded away to my left. As I pulled the trigger I saw it collapse and sink limply out of sight among the bushes.

I could scarcely wait until the beaters came up. The moment they appeared I rushed off to examine my prize. From the low vegetation I dragged forth a fine adult serval. True, I did not then know the animal's name; but I realised, from its small head and extremely long legs, that it was not a young leopard, as I had at first imagined.

In the months that followed I saw servals on a number of occasions. Though very handsome, they were fierce, destructive brutes, and many times I was shown evidences of the havoc they had wrought among the poultry and goats that formed the sole livestock of the local natives.

One day I was presented with a baby serval. In appearance it was a beautiful blue-eyed kitten: in disposition it was a little fiend. I have never in my life seen anything get so enraged on such slight provocation as did this tiny beast. Whenever anyone approached its cage, it instantly became a spitting, swearing fury as, with every hair on end, it endeavoured with tooth and claw to reach the intruder. Twice a day we gave it freshly killed rats or birds, and always the ungrateful little wretch struck at us savagely with its long fore paws, the movements being so rapid that it was difficult for the eye to follow them. During the weeks that I had this serval kitten

under observation it thrived and grew rapidly in size, but it continued to exhibit the same intense ferocity towards every living thing.

The civet, which was also common in the bush, is a long, low, muscular beast of heavy build and comparatively slow in its movements. The natives considered this species very



SOME OF THE BEATERS



NATIVES CARRYING RED DUIKER, CIVET, SERVAL AND HARES.

destructive to game. It certainly seemed to be of a truculent disposition and, in addition to possessing powerful jaws, has a most serviceable array of teeth. It is nocturnal in habit, and we seldom saw it by day; but occasionally one trotted silently past me during a drive, and more than once I saw one creeping stealthily about a little after dawn. In its movements the civet always reminded me of a small bear. Both the serval and civet have very handsome coats; but, with the temperature somewhere around 100 in the shade, I found skinning them a very trying business, and whenever I got a native to attempt the job he invariably made a mess of it.

Less interesting, perhaps, but of far more importance to us, were the animals we could use as food. Luckily they were plentiful, though often difficult to bag. In the dense cover it was fairly easy for them to dodge the beaters. One of the most common inhabitants of the scrub was the red duiker, a strange-looking little antelope of about thirty pounds in weight, with a wonderfully sleek chestnut coat. The grey duiker, a near relative of the last mentioned, was not so often seen; but I occasionally got one during a drive. Both these bucks when disturbed creep forward with heads held low, taking advantage of every scrap of cover; but, when once they are forced into the open, they tear along, with occasional high bounds, at a great rate. Where the undergrowth was matted together and the scrub at its thickest the tiny Zanzibar antelope was found. These beautiful little bucks, with their neat ringed

horns, are smaller than an average English hare. They dashed through the vegetation like bolting rabbits; but their minute cloven hoofs made a rattle on the hard ground that was startlingly loud. Hares were numerous; but they sat extraordinarily close, and when roused they would rarely face the open. Wild pigs we often saw. These animals kept the beaters in a state of intense excitement, as, rather than come forward, they would at times whisk round and charge fiercely. The young pigs of up to fifty pounds in weight were always fat and far better eating, in my opinion, than any of the other four-footed beasts that frequented the bush.

Of game birds the big, wild guinea fowls were the most plentiful. They gave fine shots at a drive; but, as food, many of them were very tough. But I should be ungrateful if I said much against these birds, for on countless occasions they provided me with a nourishing meal. Of francolins I did not get a great number. Some of the more common species were very loth to take wing and, when they could be persuaded to rise, they usually flew so low that an effective shot was next to impossible through the intervening branches. Many members of the pigeon family always came forward during a beat. Most of them were small doves and scarcely worth shooting; but one fine species, known as the green pigeon, a fruit eater and always as fat as butter, was luckily common. This bird was as handsome as paint, a very speedy flyer and delicious on the table. But the birds we prized more than any others were



A bustard.

BEATERS WITH SOME OF THE MIXED BAG.

Old male Zanzibar antelope.

Green pigeons and guinea fowl.

the bustards. There were several varieties of this fine family, differing considerably in size. All were biggish birds that flew high overhead on leisurely beating wings. They were incomparably the most palatable of any of the game I tasted in Africa.

All through the wet season I got lots of fun beating the scrub with my native followers. Driving, though not to be compared with stalking as a sport, was always intensely interesting, and it was, moreover, at certain times and places, the only possible way of keeping the larder supplied. M. W.

THE GERM AND THE MAN

MAN that is born of a woman has been the theme of many books, but there was plenty of room left for the very interesting volume which has been written by Professor J. A. Thomson and published by Melrose. It is called *The Control of Life* and deals with *homo sapiens* from his birth, and long before his birth, to that period so effectively described in Ecclesiastes when "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken." The apology for science with which Professor Thomson begins was perhaps not exactly necessary, but, whether or not, it is so excellent that we would not have it away. Professor Thomson is a master of pointed contrast, and those instances he gives of the difference between the ancient and the new methods, that is to say, tradition and knowledge, are very much to the point. Their nature may be judged by the fact, recalled by Professor Giard, that in 1479, when parts of the Continent were so much ravaged by cockchafer beetles as to cause famines, the insects "were summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal of Lausanne and defended by an advocate from Fribourg. After deliberation, they were solemnly banished from the territory." That was the old way of tradition, and the extent to which it exists now is almost incredible. The scientific method begins and ends in understanding: yellow fever was believed to be contagious, but at the beginning of the present century Walter Reed showed that a mosquito called *Stegomyia fasciata* carries the virus of yellow fever. "Bitten people die, while those who used their bedding but were not bitten did not take the disease." Bruce's discovery that the tsetse fly is the carrier of the microscopic organism which causes sleeping sickness is another of many examples that are cited. They will show the spirit in which Professor Thomson enters upon his task of explaining his ideas on the control of life. He deals first with the three determining factors: Heredity—that is, our relation to parents and ancestors; Environment—the surrounding influences and opportunities; and Function, which means our habits, positive and negative, doing and not doing. Of these three, one cannot properly be called more important than the other because they are interdependent: as the author says, "men cannot make bricks without clay—that is, the natural inheritance. Neither can they make them without heat—that is, the environmental factor." He takes as the fundamental fact that everything comes from the egg—a truth that, with many other truths, the ancients divined, and, indeed, he cites a very fine passage from the Psalms showing that man and all his possibilities and horizons, aims and ambitions and powers are in the germ. A very great advance was made in regard to an understanding of germinal continuity by Sir Francis Galton and Professor August Weismann. The extraordinary thing is that the microscopic germ consists of two parts. We cannot do better than give the explanation in the words of Professor Thomson: "The germinal material of the fertilised ovum forms the basis of the building material out of which the body of the offspring is built up, undergoing, in a puzzling way, not only a huge increase in quantity but a qualitative differentiation into nerve and muscle, blood and bone. But while this is going on, a residue of the germinal material is kept intact and unspecialised to form the beginning of the reproductive organs of the offspring, whence may be launched in due time another similar vessel on the adventurous voyage of life." This incidentally answers a silly conundrum that has been put thousands of times in the belief that it is unanswerable—"Which comes first, the chicken or the egg?" Of course, the egg comes first because the egg gives rise to the hen and to the eggs which the hen's body contains. It is of importance that the parent is rather the trustee of the germ-plasm than the producer of the child. "Men do not gather grapes off thorns or figs off thistles. Similar material to start with; similar conditions in which to develop; therefore like begets like."

The child is not only the product of his father and mother but of his ancestry, and his ancestry seems to approximate to that of the prolific rabbit. Professor Pearson has worked it out that in the tenth generation a man has (theoretically) one thousand and twenty-four tenth great-grandparents. He is thus the descendant—not of a single male and female, but of a population large enough to fill a small

town. One is tempted to go further and say that of all animals of which pedigrees are kept his breeding is the worst. Anyone anxious to make a first-class herd of cows or sheep or stud of horses would be most particular not only in looking into the qualities of the sire and dam, but into those of the lines from which they are bred; but man is mated according to his fancy, and fancy is no cold emotion that considers mental and physical fitness. It comes down; to what intense young men used to call their "affinity," who may not be at all suitable from a breeder's point of view. That consideration has often been put forward, but, though it looks plausible, it is not warranted by results. Scientific breeding may produce a perfect outward form, but it does not affect the inner life. Man's haphazard way is more worthy of praise than appears at first sight. Professor Thomson seems to think that the wild animal has an advantage over him inasmuch as it is free from disease. The paragraph in which this occurs is headed "No Disease in Wild Nature." His words are: "There is almost no disease among wild animals. Wild animals grow old, but they are never senile. Wild animals have many parasites, but with most of these they have established live-and-let-live relations." We should have thought that statement contrary to the facts. How is it, we would ask Professor Thomson, that in a brood of young wild birds there are scarcely ever two equally healthy and well formed? That would not be so if they were all immune from disease. Many birds are particularly liable to illnesses—for example, the hedge-sparrow has eyes very susceptible to disease. The bullfinch has a more delicate constitution than the chaffinch. Owls, particularly the tawny owl, are liable to many diseases. In the places where they haunt and breed it is astonishing how many dead owls without wounds one can pick up. That very healthy bird, the wild pigeon, is periodically almost decimated by disease, and those birds we have mentioned surely do not suffer from the control of man. In fact, man's interference seems to make them healthier. Let rabbits breed uncontrolled and they will soon die out; but if man kills them well down those that are left seem healthier for the process. The fox is an animal very liable to disease, which, possibly, is due in some way to his filthy habits, because he has not such advanced ideas of hygiene as his companion the badger, which often occupies part of the earth where the fox resides. The badger is as careful about attention to cleanliness as the most delicate member of the human species. The fox pays no attention to these things.

One of the best parts of the book is that devoted to the ante-natal life. The time is one of development "when this pinhead-like germ grows—at first with amazing rapidity—into a creature thousands of times bigger and millions of millions of times heavier than itself." The quotation from the Psalms to which we have already alluded is to be found in Psalm cxxxix, 15-16: "Thine eyes did see my substance yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." It is a very extraordinary example of the unexpected knowledge published by the Biblical writers. Were it not for utterances such as these it would be believed that the discovery of the potentialities of the germ was one of quite recent days. Sir Francis Galton's and Professor Weismann's discovery of the "residue of the germinal material" which "is kept intact and unspecialised" really points to the nearest approach to immortality that is present in man.

We feel that our notes on this book are a little disjointed, but we should be sorry if readers thought this characteristic reflected the method of Professor Thomson. On the contrary, the book is carefully planned and mapped out and stands as a finished and beautifully cemented whole. It is the clearest, simplest and yet the most comprehensive survey of the subject which has so far been published.

BOOKS WORTH READING

FICTION.

Joanna Godden, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Cassell, 8s. 6d.)
Rich Relatives, by Compton Mackenzie. (Martin Secker, 9s.)
The Sahara, by Pierre Loti. (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Philosopher with Nature, by Benjamin Kidd. (Methuen, 6s.)
A Political Pilgrim in Europe, by Mrs. Philip Snowden. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

SOME VINTAGE PARTRIDGE YEARS

BY ARTHUR W. BLYTH.

THE heading which I have chosen for this article contains something more than a metaphor, inasmuch as I have always been struck by the close parallel which exists between seasons which produce the finest claret or burgundy and those which yield partridges in abundance. Perhaps wheat comes even nearer than wine in prospering under the precise conditions which assist the partridge in rearing its brood. But in the matter of wine the statistics are very carefully kept, and I have before me a graph showing the results for a clear hundred years. In nearly every case within my recollection where the curve climbs high we had good partridge years. Exceptions there certainly are—1897 for instance, bad for wine, good for partridges; and the same applies to 1915. The year 1914 was good for both. Going back to an earlier period, 1868 was certainly a good year in the double sense, as also were 1870 and 1878, while the worst year in my recollection was 1879, fatal alike for birds and wine. Well I remember as a small boy walking all day with the present Sir Walter Gilbey and his brother Arthur at Elsenham, and to the best of my belief not a single young partridge was killed.

Turning to more recent years and keeping in mind the occurrence of drought, there can be no doubt that 1897 and 1905 were two great partridge years, and were also notable for phenomenal spells of dry weather. During the present season the dryness has been more accentuated, and I have heard daily from my friends at the club and elsewhere that the hot weather has been taking heavy toll of the young birds and that coveys are dwindling. No doubt they have suffered, in many cases coming down from eighteen to twelve or ten, but continuous rain will bring them from eighteen to nothing. So far as partridges are concerned, I welcome drought; some places may fail, but in the aggregate the old adage holds true: no roots, many partridges.

Just to give some idea of results attributable to drought conditions I quote two cards, one for The Grange in 1897 and the other for Holkham in 1905. "November 4th, 1897, at the Grange was the record bag of partridges killed in the United Kingdom until beaten by Lord Leicester's bag at Holkham, November 7th, 1905, when 1,671 partridges were killed." At Lord Ashburton's shoot the guns on the first day were Prince Victor Duleep Singh, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Newport, Lord Walsingham, the Hon. A. Baring and Lord Ashburton; and on the last two days the same, with the Earl of Lathom taking the place of the Hon. A. Baring. The bag was:

		Partridges.	Pheas.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Total.
Nov. 2, 1897	Itchen Down	1,374	28	109	4	1,515
" 4, "	Chilton Valley	1,458	28	60	3	1,549
" 5, "	Dunneridge	701	16	20	2	749
		3,533	72	199	9	3,813

What these figures mean will be best appreciated by those who have nursed a partridge shoot through a period of years so as to obtain from it the best yield of which it is capable. There is no easy victory such as can be gained in the case of the pheasant, but rather a round of ceaseless vigilance and hard work—and, I might add, study.

The Holkham bag, obtained over four days by Viscount Coke, Colonel the Hon. Wenham Coke, Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, Major the Hon. Charles Willoughby, Major Arthur Ackland Hood, Colonel Custance, Mr. William Barry and Mr. Walter Forbes, was as follows: November 7th, 1905, 1,671 partridges; the 8th, 1,030; the 9th, 1,294; the 10th, 754. Grand total, 4,749, with in addition about 212 other head. The then Lord Leicester was at this time somewhat of an invalid, so that while he did not shoot he nevertheless watched the proceedings with keen interest. Speaking on the authority of contemporary accounts, the remarkable feature about this shoot was the comparatively small amount of ground covered, the shortness of the drives and the modest array of beaters. Among the drives the most noteworthy was the bringing of a fairly large tract of country more than once over a sunk meadow, there being only one or two fields behind and then the sea beach.

After 1879, the worst year recorded in my game book (which I have kept faithfully since 1887) is 1903, and it was followed by two vintage years. I have an entry to the effect that Baron de Pallandt and myself, shooting at Rudham Frizzleton, found, after we had secured 142 partridges that there were only five young among the lot; further, that we stopped shooting forthwith. No matter how bad a season may be, the most remarkable thing about it is the wonderful recovery which follows, always provided a good stock is left and the ground is well keepered. So effective are these measures that the number of really bad years is remarkably small. As showing the rapid recovery in this instance my records afford proof that the year 1904 was distinctly good, while 1905 was superlative, with 1906 also very good. In 1905 Baron de Pallandt and myself secured 480 partridges in the day, though this, while supporting my argument as regards rapid recovery, is far from reaching record dimensions. For instance, Lord Carnarvon and the brothers Duleep Singh, shooting at Hockwold, obtained no less than 1,142 partridges; or, again, in ten days at Weasenham and Rudham, with usually only two guns out, the total bag was 3,600, the average working out at 140 birds per gun per day.

I have never heard of the round hundred partridges being picked up after one drive to a single gun in this country, but if my memory serves me aright Lord Lovat nearly accomplished this feat at Sandringham, his total being 96. Many



W. A. Rouch.

A GOOD COVEY.

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times I have seen one gun get 50 in a drive, while the biggest individual contributions by one gun at one stand were, on different occasions when I have been present, 64, 78 and 82. At my late father's place we killed in 1899 a total of 1,070 partridges to six guns in ten drives, giving upwards of 100 birds per drive. It was a great day, for the partridges were never broken or tired. My host at Swaffham Prior would never go on driving his birds till they were worn out, and for that reason he never employed more than one set of beaters. There is no fun in shooting tired birds.

In dwelling on these recollections of past delights the mind very naturally ponders as to the possibility of ever repeating them. In consequence of the heavy and, to many, crushing taxation occasioned by the war we may possibly never again see shooting conducted as it was previous to 1914. There were then few syndicates, the shooting was run by the owner, who spared no effort; or, if the shooting was let, it was to a single tenant, who managed things as the owner himself would have done. Swaffham Prior stands out in my mind as the shining example of what I am endeavouring to express. It was the one place where they never knew a really bad year. There, instead of leaving the birds to fend for themselves in the hard period—February, March and early April—the precious stock was served with the necessary ration of damaged corn. You

cannot get a healthy calf from a starved cow, and you cannot rear vigorous broods capable of surviving the inclemencies of our English climate from parents whose own health has gone below par during the critical pairing season. Grouse disease, in my opinion, results from colossal stocks and not enough food to go round in spring and winter. The remedy is hard to apply, but in the case of partridges a very little care and expenditure will tide them over the critical months.

Even if the glories of the past cannot be repeated on the grand scale, there is much that may be done to preserve, in the interests of health, recreation and food supply, the natural partridge population of the country. Estates may be broken up, those that still hold together may be sadly impoverished, but the land itself remains, and just as the former conditions were the outcome of adaptation to circumstances, so in the future we may specialise in the care and upkeep of lesser areas. Though my remarks may have harped somewhat on red letter days and conditions, all shooting men will agree that many of our most agreeable recollections are associated with very modest entries in the game book. Merely to be in the open, gun in hand, is a boon in itself, and there is this to be said, that the partridge will respond generously to such care and attention as the diminished resources of the landowner may permit him to bestow.

HOW TO MAKE A TROUT STREAM.—I

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

COULDNT I stock this with trout?" That, or something like that, is a question that people are constantly asking nowadays. Places have been changing from one proprietor to another, as one has grown poorer and another richer in the wobble and see-saw of the war and its sequela, and when the new man comes in he sees himself possessed of a piece of water and the above is the question that occurs to him at once.

The answer is in the affirmative. There is no puddle that you cannot stock with trout. But the question, of course, has its finer implication. It means to ask: "Will trout *do* here, if I put them in?" That is the point; and the answer to that is almost sure to be in the negative unless there are already a certain number of trout in the water—in which event the question hardly needs asking; the trout which are there answer it for all their kind.

But although the question whether the trout will do there, in the water as it is, generally has to be answered negatively, that is not by any means to say that the water may not be made perfectly capable of supporting in health, in sporting spirit, and, above all, in a pleasant disposition to rise to your fly at the right season of the year, a tolerable head of trout. The problem then is how to bring the water into that state in which it will support trout life in fair health and number. And probably the last thing that you ought to do if you wish to have trout in the water, and there is none there already, is to put trout into it. You ought to do every other thing in the way of making preparation for them first. You ought to see that the water is sanitary for them, that their food supply is there and that their cronies, especially the pike, are not there in too great quantity. After these precautions are taken you may put your trout in with a confidence that they will remain and grow and multiply. Without such precaution they are not likely to be with you long. The food supply of the fish is of the carnal kind. Trout are not vegetable eaters. They feed on snails, shrimps and water insects. But most of these in their larval, and some of them in their complete, form are vegetable eaters. You need vegetables, and the right vegetables, for them.

But the first thing, the obvious thing, that you have to do is to consider the floor of your river. Is it gravel or is it mud? If it is all, or nearly all, mud your proposition is rather a hopeless one. You may induce a few trout to do indifferent well in a stream of very muddy bottom, but the game is hardly worth the candle. Such as there are will be poor risers to fly, poor sportsmen and very poor companions at the dinner table. They will be muddy and dull. If your water be chiefly of the pond nature, the muddy floor will not matter so much if you have a tolerable and constant flow of stream through it, and particularly if these streams come down over gravel. I have seen very good trout in muddy-bottomed ponds thus fed.

Fortunately, the river that is all muddy floored is as much the exception as the river whose floor is all gravel. I am not writing, be it understood, of sharp-running becks and burns and brooks in a hilly land. There is no question but that they will, and, unless poached or poisoned, do hold trout. I am writing of doubtful waters where, probably, the coarse fish have the master hand for the moment.

I do not mind seeing some coarse fish of the strong carnivorous kind. If there are pike, I believe you may look on the first of the questions that you should set yourself as tolerably answered, and may assume sufficient purity in the water. You do not want it too pure. It is what an analyst would call impurities that the

fish depend on, directly or indirectly, for food. But, if you have cloth mills or paper mills or distilleries or the like anywhere up-stream of you, you will do well to send a sample of water to be analysed before you incur the cost of stocking. If it is at all rich in chemicals, probably it will not do for trout. But if pike are there it is probable that trout will stand it. Trout are sensitive, more sensitive than grayling and more sensitive than pike, to chemicals, but the pike "give you a line." Take note then, being satisfied on this point, whether any tarred road runs very near the water. If it does, you must look out. The road surveyor will tell you that his kind of tar is harmless to fish. It is conceivable that even a road surveyor may tell the truth, but the harm of the tar, in the opinion of most of us who have given this matter attention, is mechanical, more than, or as well as, chemical. What it does is to waterproof the surface of the road, so that oil from motors, and other filth, does not soak in, as it does into macadamised roads, but lies on top until a shower comes, when it is all washed down into the rivers, and there it plays the deuce with the life of the waters. It is not enough for your road surveyor to prove that his tar is harmless to the fish: he has also to prove that the washings off the waterproofed roads are harmless; not only to the trout themselves, but also to the life of insect, crustacean, mollusc and vegetable in the stream. He has not yet proved it.

Your partial remedy, if the tarred road does run near your water, is to dig a trench between road and water into which the road washings may go and may sink for a while, when the storm comes, instead of rushing straight off into the river. It will not cure the evil but it will diminish it.

If the chemical pollution of the water is too bad, you must, of course, give up the whole idea of having trout, unless you are inclined to resort to the doubtful and dear experiment of trying to get a legal injunction against the polluters. But we will suppose that the state of the water and equally of the bottom is not too bad—generally there are alternations of muddy and of gravel floor—so now, having land and water fairly right, we may proceed, after the manner of the Book of Genesis, to create next, if it be not there, the life of the herb in the water on which almost all the animal life must, directly or indirectly, depend.

It is possible that you may have evil weeds in your pond or stream. The American weed, water thyme, or *Flodea canadense*, a small submerged aquatic plant, with long stem, and leaves in whorls, only pushing to the surface when in the flowering stage, is capable of becoming a terrible nuisance. I believe the best way of dealing with this is to drag it out with a long pronged rake-head on the end of a long shaft. But it is to be hoped you may be free of this curse. Then you may have duckweed on the more still places of the pond and on the backwaters of a stream. They say that swans will clear a pond of this, but swans will eat useful weeds also. This duckweed may be hauled out by two men with a rope—lightly leaded, if necessary, to take it down among the scum of weed, for the duckweed spreads small flat leaves on the surface and floats with its roots down in the water.

With these two exceptions we may, perhaps, say that all weeds are good, though it is quite possible to have too much of a good weed. But of this we will talk more when we discuss weed-cutting. For the moment you have to take stock, and you will be in luck if you find all or most of the following: water celery, starwort (*Callitricha verna*, and also *C. autumnalis*), watercress—this will be in the shallows only—water buttercup

(ranunculus); and I see that Mr. Valentine Corrie speaks well of lakewort and of the great river moss. That is in a chapter on making a trout stream which he contributed to the COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport—the "Fishing" volume. He speaks with all the authority of first-hand experience. A weed of which you may easily have too much—and it is a very quick grower—is the ribbon weed, but of that we will also talk when we are weed-cutting. Mr. Corrie further commends the water lobelia, but I am not acquainted with this as a plant of our southern rivers. Crowfoot, which is a ranunculus, I believe to be another name for the water buttercup. Now, if you have these in quantity you are fortunate indeed: if only some of them, you are in tolerable fortune, and all of them may be introduced by importation from another river or another part of the same and by planting in your own stretch. They readily take root and propagate themselves. You will, of course, try to plant them in soil, whether gravelly or muddy, like that from

which they were taken, and in water of something like the same depth. A lump of clay in the middle of the newly planted starwort is recommended, and this water gardening with the aquatic weeds may come to have an interest of its own apart from its use as food for the various livestock on which the trout feed. If you have them in your water already it is very unlikely that the livestock will be absent. The best guests that you can find or can import for getting trout into condition are the water shrimps (*Gammarus pulex*). Let us hope that they will be there already. The water snail (*Limnea peregra*) and various other molluscs are nearly sure to be in the river if these weeds are there; and you are unfortunate if you have not some of the right flies—in their larval state. And remember that the weeds have a further value in the water, for whereas trout require oxygen and exhale carbon, the weeds absorb carbon and liberate oxygen. That is their function equally in the water as in the air.

A SHRIVELLING ST. LEGER

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THUNDERER.

THE St. Leger is due to be decided a week on Wednesday next, and meanwhile it continues to shrink and lose in interest, except, perhaps, for those immediately concerned with Craig an Eran the now odds-on favourite.

Obviously that same shrinkage should not keep them awake at nights, since every other that drops out while he keeps well must make his task of winning the last of the classic races all the simpler. He is so clearly the best horse of the moment that it would indeed be tragic were he also to drop out. The St. Leger in such an event would be no test at all.

The default of Lemonora was bad enough. He would have been the favourite's opponent-in-chief, as he had shown by his second for the Two Thousand Guineas his third for the Derby and his handsome win of the Grand Prix de Paris. Incidentally also he won the Newmarket Stakes, and though the "balance of power" had apparently rested with his stable companion, Craig an Eran, it is an undoubted fact that Mr. Watson's big chestnut colt had many serious admirers for the St. Leger. He has succumbed to inability to stand the strain of severe galloping on too firm ground. What will not affect one horse's physique and limbs is anathema to another. So it is in the case of Craig an Eran and Lemonora. The one has gone untroubled through a record season of drought and hard ground both on and off the racecourse. His action has not been impaired and there has been no cause for anxiety that his limbs might betray signs of the "jar." Thus he has annexed the Two Thousand Guineas, St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot and Eclipse Stakes, while nine out of ten people believe he was most unluckily beaten by Humorist for the Derby. I am one of the tenth men, but we will let that pass.

Lemonora is a horse of more commanding physique, though not necessarily as perfect in outline and general quality. He developed rapidly in a physical sense about the middle of the summer, but his forelegs remained as they ever were, not perhaps the most perfect for their strenuous work. One in particular has been attracting the trainer's notice for some time past, and we can, I think, trace the origin of the statement that Lemonora had been scratched because it was found impossible to train him on the hard ground, to that suspicious foreleg. Mr. Watson must, of course, be deeply disappointed. So must Alec Taylor, even though his personal feelings must be tempered by the consciousness that there is still Craig an Eran in his big place in the foreground. And I am quite certain that the jockey, Childs, profoundly regrets the disappearance of the horse from the St. Leger, for he was an ardent believer in him.

What of others? Glorioso was talked and written much about, but I am afraid the chances of this horse winning for Lord Derby are extremely remote. He has done nothing to give him a chance apart from the knowledge that Mr. George Lambton has been unable to train him on the hard ground all the year. He was galloped a little while ago with March Along and another, but the poor show he made must have convinced the trainer that his St. Leger prospects are forlorn. Perhaps some day the horse will justify the faith that is in Mr. Lambton, but it may not be for another year.

Golden Myth has been going well in work with Devizes, and his young trainer, Jack Jarvis, has a growing fancy for him, but he is distinctly second-class. How would they bet in a match between Craig an Eran and Golden Myth? There would, indeed, be no betting. A horse I had some regard for was Mr. Hornung's Copyright, for the fine race he ran at Goodwood with Stanislaus redounded much to his credit, but I hear now that all is not well with him. Another victim to galloping on hard ground. That most unfortunate horse, Alan Breck, has been formally taken out of the race. We have known for a long time past that there was no prospect of his running because he could not be trained properly, and, moreover, it is possible that the leg and blood trouble which overtook him on the eve

of the Derby has left permanent effects. Sir James Buchanan will know that when his trainer comes to take him on seriously again. His career is, indeed, most unfortunate, but I suppose it could not have been avoided. All I know is that Alan Breck was a very high class horse indeed about two weeks before the Derby.

There are, however, some possibilities about another one, the existence of which a lot of people have forgotten all about. I have in mind Mr. Jack Joel's Thunderer, a strong and quite impressive brown horse by Sunstar from Lauda. My mind goes back to the Middle Park Plate of last autumn, and because Thunderer was regarded as being much better than Humorist—that was the stable estimate—he was made a shorter priced favourite for that race at Newmarket. Mr. Joel told all his friends that he hoped to win with Thunderer and they betted accordingly. He ran very badly in the race the while Humorist only lost by a neck to Monarch, and when he returned to the paddock it was seen that his heels were bleeding. That was why he did not show his form and it was the last we saw of him on a racecourse. All this year he has been troubled with a bad leg, but it has yielded so far to treatment and has stood the strain of some hard work such as every horse must undergo to have any pretensions to win a St. Leger. If he continues to do well—note the not inconsiderable "if"—he is expected to make a great show against Craig an Eran. Let us hope that both horses will be at their best.

I may add that I have heard excellent accounts of Lord Glanely's Westward Ho, the Swynford—Blue Tit colt that cost 11,500 guineas as a yearling, but he is another of big size that has not been suited by the hard ground of this dry summer. He has only run twice in his life and only as a three year old. He came out in a small race at Lingfield Park and won comfortably from Soldier Song, which has won easy races since, and then he ran for the Derby, in which race he never came under my observation as having a chance. Thus nothing has been seen of him in public for three months past, but it is said that he has made marked progress. Still the same, I suppose, can be said of Craig an Eran, and Lord Glanely is an optimist indeed if he expects to beat Craig an Eran with a horse of Westward Ho's record.

Two incidents at last week end's meeting at Hurst Park call for some remark. They were the defeats of Granely and Pharmacie in Mr. James White's colours. The downfall of the former was not surprising, except perhaps to Mr. White, who for some reason has been extraordinarily obsessed with this horse. Good judges who saw him canter to the post with the agility of a cripple would shun him at Hurst Park, and certainly Mr. White would be well advised not to allow the horse to reappear on a racecourse until a radical change has been effected in him. With Pharmacie it was vastly different. It really was pathetic to see her beaten a head under her big weight for the Nonsuch Handicap, and only beaten because she lacked the stimulating experience of a previous race in public this season. I agree with others that this alone was the cause of her defeat.

She has grown into a beautiful filly, and I have no hesitation in saying that next time she runs, which I believe will be for the Portland Stakes at Doncaster, she will prove herself 7lb. better than for the Hurst Park race. I hope she may win soon, and if I were the owner of any other horse engaged in her next race I should fear her very much. The one which beat her at Hurst Park was the Diadumenos filly, Grecian Beauty, which only cost 280 guineas as a yearling. She is half owned by Mrs. Bendir, the wife of the head of a large starting price firm in London, and is trained in the late "Paddy" Hartigan's Ogbourne stable. It is in excellent form at the moment after having made a somewhat tardy start, and there are more unlikely things than that it has won the Gimcrack Stakes this week with Flaming Orb for Mr. Kennedy Jones.

PHILIPPOS.

Aug. 27th, 1921.

CORRESPONDENCE

PISCATORIAL AMBIGUITIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On page 159 of your August 6th issue Sir Hugh Fraser, the writer of an article entitled "A Great Fish and a Greater Fisherman," is unable to trace the authorship of some excellent lines which he quotes, beginning "Upon a river's bank serene," etc. They were sent to me by a clerical friend about ten years ago, and if my memory serves me rightly (though I speak "off the book," as the saying is) the first nine lines were written (or said to be written) by the Rev. Dr. G. F. Browne, Fellow of St. Katharine's College, Cambridge, and late Lord Bishop of Bristol. You might ask him if my supposition is correct. The last three lines are said to have been added by the Rev. Dr. P. N. Waggett, one of the Cowley Fathers. But you must take my information only for what it is worth, *en grano*.—GEORGE R. WOODWARD.

[Acting on the Rev. George R. Woodward's suggestion we wrote to the Rev. Dr. G. F. Browne, and received the following interesting letter, for which we are greatly indebted to him.—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I recited those fishing stanzas as chairman at the Fly-fishers' dinner in 1911. The full account of them is given on page 77 of my "Recollections," 1915 (Smith, Elder, now John Murray), among a number of fishing stories. They should be reprinted without commissar throughout. The first three stanzas were composed at Lowick Rectory, Northants, by the rector, J. S. Watson, his daughter Betty, and Dean Ingram of Peterborough. The authors felt that there ought to be a concluding stanza, ambiguously stating a final result. I told the story to Father Waggett on our way from Bournemouth to Clouds, and he suggested "booked it" as the point of a last stanza. On that hint I wrote the stanza. In my book I remark that its tendency is towards condemnation, and that an opposite tendency would be unjust to any real fisherman's imaginative powers.—G. F. BROWNE, Ness Castle, Inverness.

A SUGGESTED VARIATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Touching the amusing lines which concluded Sir Hugh Fraser's contribution to your issue of the 6th inst., why "high erected comb"? The author would appear to have settled on "home" and struggled extremely hard for a rhyme! May I suggest as an amendment

"He took the fish to the hotel
Or else the story and how well
He cooked it!"

E. SCOTT-NICHOLSON.

[We do not find the variation an improvement, but that our readers may decide for themselves we reprint the verses.—ED.]

Upon a river's bank serene
A fisher sat where all was green
And looked it.
He saw when light was growing dim
A fish or else the fish saw him
And hooked it.
He took with high erected comb
The fish or else the story home
And cooked it.
Recording angels by his bed
Heard all that he had done or said
And booked it.

THE COST PRICE OF PORK: TWO-PENCE THREE FARTHINGS A POUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a constant reader of your valuable paper and at times contributor, I thought it may interest many of your readers to know the result of a feeding experiment recently carried out by me at Nash Farm, Keston, Kent. We were able with my pedigree Middle White pigs to manufacture 30lb. of pork in one week with five month old pigs at a cost of 2½d. per pound. It is high time that the British farmer realised that the pig properly reared and bred, as he is on my farm by my methods, is the most profitable animal on the homestead. I have often manufactured 1lb. of pork from 3lb. of concentrated food, but as the result of selective breeding I am now able to breed a pig which

converts concentrated food costing only 2½d. into 1lb. of pork for which I receive 1s. 3d. There are at least 60 to 90 million pounds' worth sterling of imported pig brought into this country every year, which money should be in the pocket of the British farmer and not the foreigner. If farmers would only give up filthy pigstys and breed pigs as I do, under healthy conditions, they would find that their pork would not cost them half the amount that it does by keeping pigs under old-fashioned methods.—M. J. ROWLANDS, M.D.

AN OPEN-AIR BATHING POOL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In this usually fickle climate the sea bather's motto should be "do it now" while the sun shines, but this entails residence at the seaside and for inland dwellers is impossible. A great deal can be done, however, to alter this unfortunate state of affairs, and in view of the comparatively small expense involved it is surprising that more facilities for open air bathing are not in use. Practically everywhere water supplies are available, preferably from springs or streams; but failing these, company's water will do all that is needful, only the smallest trickle being required. Where a spring is available a simple small catchment basin should be constructed of concrete, or a tub sunk in the ground will do quite well. The overflow from this should be carried in an open V-shaped wooden trough running in full sunlight and with a very gradual fall. The length of this trough will depend upon the relative positions of the supply and the bath, but the longer it is the better, as the cold spring water running in a very shallow flow will have time to be heated by the sun; the conditions of a river very low from drought and consequently running shallow over a stony bed being reproduced and water of a delightfully comfortable temperature attained. Such a trough can be cheaply made by any handy man, consisting as it does of two planks screwed together at right angles, the seam being caulked. The position chosen for the bath should be in full sun and not too near any summer leaf-shedders. The shelter of

and during the off season it should be kept empty to avoid cracking from frost. On flat sites, therefore, it would require to be entirely built above the ground level, soil being sloped up the sides and a mown grass path run the whole way round. In the majority of cases advantage can be taken of a slope for the drainage and sufficient excavation made to give enough soil to make up the lower side bank. The construction work is of the simplest and presents no difficulty to any local builder. The joys of swimming and outdoor bathing after golf or lawn tennis cannot be exaggerated, and the possessors of such outdoor baths will find their expense repaid many times over in amusement and health.—S.

FIDELITY OF SWALLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A pair of swallows built a solitary nest under the eaves of this house, and one afternoon we noticed that there was no sign of the nest anywhere. I examined a flower bed below where the nest had been and found on the ground the remains of it and four young swallows about five days old a little further away. The drought no doubt had caused their abode to leave the house in one solid lump. The young birds had a fall of about 26ft. Taking care not to touch them with my hands, I lifted each one with the aid of decayed holly leaves into a cardboard box in which I had prepared a nest of hay lined with ordinary white cotton-wool. The box had a lid, and I hung it as near as possible to the site of the original nest by jamming the lid at the top of the window. The parent birds saw all this going on and for four hours flew round and round without daring to venture near their offspring, which they could both see and hear. Night fell, and next morning found the birds alive. Three days later I again examined the nest and found all alive, bigger and stronger, and also found that the old birds had deposited mud and clay round the edge of box as an alighting platform. For days we watched these birds feeding their young, alighting on the box without appearing to notice the unusual position and size of their new house or the amount of fresh air and light



A SWIMMING BATH IN A GARDEN.

shrubs situated some 20ft. away is in some ways an advantage, adding privacy, keeping off wind, which is no great friend of the bather, and hiding the bath from the general gardening scheme. The bath can be built of any size and in any style as may suit the purse of the owner. That shown in the illustration is big enough to provide very good fun; it is very simply finished, being made throughout of cement concrete and combines very excellently enjoyment and economy. The bathing-place is 50ft. long and 12ft. wide inside; 52ft. long and 14ft. wide outside; depth at one end, 4ft. 6in.; depth at the other end, 5ft. 6in. Provision must be made for completely emptying the bath for cleansing purposes,

it also had. The parents would have raised their family successfully had they not been disturbed. I examined the box after it had been up ten days, and found only two young birds in it—dead. The other two had vanished, so presume the nest had suffered from the depredations of some carrion crow or jay. Even the nest looked as if something heavier than a swallow had been on it. I think this is a unique case of the devotion of swallows to their young, in a new nest and placed in a new position by human agency. I also think it shows us a very good reason why swallows build their "mud huts" where they do and why there is so small an entrance to them.—G. FOX RULE.

Aug. 27th, 1921.

AN ALL-EMBRACING BARN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The picture shows a good example of the three-storeyed barns to be seen on small



A BARN IN SLOVENIA.

farms in the hilly districts of Slovenia, where modern machinery has not yet penetrated and all is done by hand. The aim seems to be to get everything under one roof. The ground floor in this case is all open; in other examples part of it is filled by a cow stable of solid masonry. Here it serves as a shelter for all the vehicles, for storing firewood, and, in the far right-hand corner, the massive wine-press can be dimly seen. On the first storey is the threshing floor, with the barred windows, and on each side runs an open gallery. In the roof is stored hay or straw, and at each end is another open gallery. The open galleries at the sides and ends, with the wooden bars running along them, serve to hang out maize to ripen, or to dry other crops, ricks in the open being practically unknown in this district. Such a barn when all the open woodwork is covered by reddish golden ears of maize is as beautiful a sight as one could wish to see. They are constructed mainly of oak, which is very common and grows very straight and tall in this country.—B. S. B.

CALIFORNIAN BEES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that the "Californian Bees" recently discussed in your correspondence column is the well known Ginger-beer plant. It consists of two organisms living in symbiotic union, viz., a yeast, *Saccharomyces pyriformis*, and a bacterium, *Bacterium vermiciforme*. During the past two or three years it has been brought on many occasions to the Haslemere Educational Museum for identification, and in nearly every instance I was told that a soldier had brought the "Bees" from abroad. The origin of this dual organism is unknown. The late Professor Marshall Ward investigated it and obtained a certain amount of evidence showing that "the yeast is introduced from the grocers' shops attached to the ginger and brown sugar employed in ordinary practice, while the bacterium is introduced with the ginger." The Ginger-beer plant has been known both in this country and in America for many years. The curious thing is that in the 'eighties there was an "epidemic" of it. In 1887 Professor Bayley Balfour exhibited it at the Linnaean Society and remarked, "It is said that the Ginger-beer plant was introduced into Britain by soldiers from the Crimea, in 1855." In the olden days our villagers used ginger in making this ginger beer, but such does not seem to be the custom at the present time.—E. W. SWANTON, Educational Museum, Haslemere.

A WHITE SPARROWHAWK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At the beginning of May I was walking along a path by the hedgerow that borders one of a succession of fields near the village of Gateford. I noticed a bird about as large as a pigeon and of pure white plumage dashing along near the bottom of the hedge. At first sight I supposed the bird was a pigeon, but what happened a moment later showed that it belonged to a very different species. A hedge-sparrow flitted out of the undergrowth. Instantly the "pigeon" seized it and, turning swiftly in flight, bore it away to a branch of an ash near by. A glimpse of the curved

bill, the bold, flashing eyes, the long yellow legs and formidable talons placed the identity of the marauder beyond question. It was an albino sparrowhawk—a rarity so great that only once before have I heard of its occurrence. The occasion in question was mentioned in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE some years ago. Upon my advancing nearer to the tree, in order to obtain a better view of this rare bird, it caught sight of me, and, clutching its prey, dashed hurriedly away over the field, past a clump of trees and beyond the range of vision.—CLIFFORD W. GREATEOREX.

WHAT TO DO WITH FIGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be very grateful if any of your readers would tell me of some way of making use of the small green figs which remain on the tree when the season is ended, with no chance of ripening. Can they be made into any kind of preserve?—R. W.

COFFEE-MULES IN COLOMBIA.

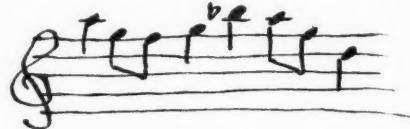
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—These mules are laden with coffee bound for England from the rich Caldas district, Colombia, South America. Each mule carries two bags, each bag containing 100lb. of coffee. Every pound of coffee has to be carried in this way over the mountains where, in the rainy season, the mud is almost inconceivable, Flanders at its worst being conjured up at sight of it. The mules work in "trains" of about twenty, and the "boys" have to take each mule separately over the worst mud-holes. In the second picture the mule which appears to be drowning in mud is quite happy. This road is considered a fairly easy place, so Mr. Mule goes along unaided. The first photograph shows one of the typical "better" roads of the Caldas coffee district.—BETTY BELL.

A BIRD'S SONG IN CEYLON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Seeing a letter in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE about the songs of birds, I am writing, as I intended doing some years ago, to ask if any of your readers have ever heard what I heard in the uplands of Ceylon. It surprised me so much at the time that I could hardly believe it was a bird's note, unless taught by some human being, but perhaps it is quite ordinary. It was eight consecutive notes:



V. M. BRYSON.

TEACHING BABY PLOVERS TO DRINK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On looking out of the window one morning a little while ago, I was surprised to see a plover with six young birds in the front garden. As I watched, he led his six young *protégés* up the garden path and through an open gate in the wall to a pond in the adjoining yard. Here he drank from it himself, and instructed the young birds to do the same. Every morning since the performance has been repeated, except that from the second morning onwards the number of young has been reduced to four, two having evidently died. It is the first case I have known of plover being driven in from the fields to find water, and it is interesting to note that, as a family seldom exceeds three, the older bird must have taken another family under its protection in their search for water.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.



ONE OF THE "BETTER" ROADS OF CALDAS.



A COFFEE-MULE "QUITE HAPPY" IN THE MUD.

THE ESTATE MARKET

RUSHBROOKE, CASTLE FRASER & FERMYNWODES

RUSHBROOKE, near Bury St. Edmunds (described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. xiv, page 542), is shortly to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Distinguished as the mansion undoubtedly is among the Elizabethan gems of East Anglia, equally great among its charms were its contents, which were dispersed, under the hammer of the Hanover Square firm, in December, 1919.

Pepys, under date, November 22nd, 1662, says, "This day Mr. Moore told me, that for certain the Queen Mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made Lord Treasurer." That was Henry Jermyn, whose ancestor, Sir Robert, entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1571, in the splendid moated mansion—"the Queen and the French Ambassadors two several times, with the which charges and courtesie they stood marvellously contented." From the Jermyns, Rushbrooke came to the Davers family, and in 1806 to the Rushbrookes. The records of Rushbrooke have been carefully compiled in a book called "Rushbrooke Registers." It is, in the main, an Elizabethan house, but there are portions which must be ascribed to dates before and after that period, and the front, says one whose family for a time owned the house, "has been more or less Georgianized, but who would now wish that it should be otherwise? As such we have known and loved it; if it were altered back to its Elizabethan condition it would be absolutely a new house to us to-day."

An earlier auction of the contents of Rushbrooke took place in 1806, and occupied nearly a fortnight. Upon the death of Sir Charles Davers, the house passed to his nephew Frederick William Hervey, first Marquess of Bristol, who, two years later, sold it to Robert Rushbrooke, of whom it is said that he "disposed of all his other Suffolk property in order to obtain this, the pearl of great price." Sumptuous furniture remained, rich in artistic and historic interest, when the 1919 auction was held, and now the house itself is to be sold. To appreciate all that that implies, the article which appeared in these columns should be re-read, for Rushbrooke is a remarkable mansion in all respects. It is to be offered with 358 acres, in October, at a very low reserve, on behalf of Captain R. Rushbrooke. The house, decorated in the Adam style, with carving by Grinling Gibbons, is a comfortable place, with electric light, central heating and modern sanitation, and as a sporting estate it is excellent for its size.

Guisachan, Lady Portsmouth's seat in Inverness-shire, is to be let for the season or would be sold, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Guisachan is situated at the head of Strathglass. There are 22,000 acres, and besides the shooting there is fishing in twelve lochs.

Colonel A. de P. Kingsmill, D.S.O., has decided to dispose of his sporting property, Hare Warren, about 758 acres, an outlying portion of Sydmonton Court estate, Hampshire, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Simmons and Sons, to offer it in September.

Garston House estate has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property dates to the reign of Henry VIII.

Whether we test it by the total or by the price obtained for certain classes of lots, the result of the Beaumaris auction, held on behalf of Sir Richard H. Williams-Bulkeley by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, was very satisfactory. The seventy-five lots, which changed hands for £47,000, included accommodation land that realised as much as £120 an acre. Bidding for Puffin Island, the little gem of mainly sporting interest in the Menai Straits, began at £1,000 and finished, short of the reserve, at £3,500. The mansion, Baron Hill, also awaits a private offer, but two other first-rate residences were sold privately to the tenants. One was Friars, a stone house with mullioned and transomed windows and grounds of just over 19 acres, the buyer being Mr. J. H. Burton. Friars is so named as it occupies the site of a Franciscan monastery. The other, called Cartref, with 5 acres, was sold to Mr. Rupert Mason.

LORD COWDRAY'S PURCHASE: CASTLE FRASER.

LORD COWDRAY has bought Castle Fraser for £48,000. The property, twenty-five miles north-west of Aberdeen,

on Donside, has an area of 3,500 acres. Messrs. Castiglione and Sons submitted the estate, which was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 26th last (page 383). The castle is a fine example of Scottish architecture, with an abundance of mouldings and carved decoration. The older part, a plain square tower, dates from the middle of the fifteenth century, and other portions were erected early in the seventeenth century, the best period of the turreted style in Scotland. Former names of Castle Fraser were Muchals, Muchil and Muckwells. The Frasers were associated with the seat in 1532, and one of their descendants, Charles Fraser, "Old Inverallochie," was the father of that commander of the Frasers at Culloden who was shot by order of the Duke of Cumberland. The castle embodies modern residential improvements, and the shooting and salmon fishing are first-rate.

THE RENAISSANCE IN NORTHANTS.

FERMYNWODES is in the market, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. being the agents, jointly with Messrs. King and Chasemore and Messrs. George Trollope and Sons. Part of the present mansion incorporates the Forest Lodge, originally the residence of the Head Archer of the Bailiwick. The drawing-room was added in 1777 by Lord Ossory, who eleven years later also built the library and the rooms above it. There is extant a certificate, signed in 1656, by Lord Brudenell, Lord Westmorland, Edward Montagu, E. Cooke, and General Boteler (one of Cromwell's men), that "Having viewed the reparations and additional buildings at Fermynwodes, belonging to John Robinson esquire, we consider these buildings are in no way prejudicial to the Forest of Rockingham or to the Game thereof." Then it was that the central part of the mansion came into being. The same Robinson secured appointment as "Master Forester and Supervisor of Vert and Venison of Fermynwodes." One of his descendants was Sir John Robinson, whose daughter was married to Lord Cowan, their son being the first Earl of Ossory. By descent and marriage Fermynwodes eventually became the property of the first Lord Lyveden.

This name recalls to the mind two famous erections in the vicinity of Fermynwodes, the Lyveden Old Building and the Lyveden New Building, and from that it is an easy transition to the Treshams, justly famed for their Renaissance buildings in Northamptonshire. Sir Thomas Tresham was responsible for the Lyveden New Building. On the site of the old manor house of the Treshams stands Lyveden Old Building, a plainer building of about the same date. The Treshams, owners at one time of Fermynwodes, placed the Lyveden Buildings but a short distance from that property, the plan of the Brigstock land, in the Fermynwodes particulars of sale, showing those structures just to the eastward.

Edward I included Fermynwodes in the dowers of Margaret and Isabella, the sister and the daughter of the King of France, on the marriage of himself and his son to them; and another royal link was the sale, by Charles I, of the same property. By the Treshams, Fermynwodes was sold to John Robinson in the year 1651, and from that point the history is as stated at the beginning of this note. The scenery is lovely and the hunting of the best, for a mile away at Brigstock are the Woodland Pytchley Kennels, and many of the meets of the Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Fernie's are close at hand.

LONGFORD HALL RESOLD.

WHEN Longford Hall, Derbyshire, was described in *COUNTRY LIFE* in May, 1905 (Vol. XVII, page 630), it was the seat of the Hon. J. H. Coke, whose family had held it for three centuries. It came into the market about two years ago and was sold by Messrs. Weatherall and Green, and it has now again changed hands through the agency of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The earliest recorded owners of the estate were the Longford family, one of whom, Sir Nicholas de Longford, fought at Agincourt. That field witnessed a notable assemblage of English landlords, and it is only a few weeks ago that two others who held high military rank at Agincourt were mentioned in the Estate Market columns. Another Sir Nicholas Longford, the last of his line, is worthily commemorated

in the beautiful old church of the Derbyshire parish.

Clement Coke, youngest son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, acquired Longford Hall by marriage with the heiress of the Longfords. Subsequent owners included Edward Coke, brother of Thomas Coke of Holkham, afterwards Earl of Leicester. In the year in which Queen Victoria ascended the throne the Earldom of Leicester, which had lapsed, was conferred as a new creation upon "Coke of Norfolk," famous for his help to English agriculture. He died at Longford Hall in 1842, and the property passed to his younger son. Longford Hall is mainly an eighteenth century house, the central part being older than the wings. It commands fine views, notably that from the south-east and that on the front overlooking the lawns.

The Master of Kinloss has purchased Tostock Place, near Bury St. Edmunds, from Sir James Malcolm, for whom Messrs. Dibdin and Smith acted. It is a property of 170 acres.

EDENHALL UNDER THE HAMMER.

IT was not the fate of Edenhall to pass under the hammer; in fact, there was no offer at the auction held at Carlisle by Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner. The reserve on Lot 1 was only £95,000. However, the proceedings were justified by the disposal of some of the farms and certain small lots for a total of approximately £22,000. Edenhall has been in the possession of Sir Richard Musgrave's family for fully five hundred years. It is a spacious mansion in the Italian style, and has a park of some hundreds of acres, and the recent auction has not much reduced the large acreage which has hitherto made up the estate. Edenhall is a good shooting property and, of course, has capital trout fishing in the Eden and Eamont. Sir Richard Musgrave sold the Lazonby and Kirkoswald portions of his property to the late Sir Francis Ley of Epperstone Manor nine years ago.

The Clifford estate of Captain L. N. Hope, 2,000 acres, with miles of salmon fishing in the Wye—including part of Higgin's Pool, where Colonel Tilney took the 52lb. "record" fish for this stream—has been sold by Messrs. Edwards, Russell and Baldwin, for a total of £56,615, only two small lots being withdrawn. The tenants bought many lots privately.

Bradwell Grove, four miles from Alvescot and eighteen from Oxford, is to be offered on September 17th, by Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co., and Messrs. Paxton and Holiday. The estate of 5,114 acres, has always been noted for its shooting. In the six years before the war the average annual game bag included 2,050 pheasants, 910 partridges and 770 hares. The agents say "the market value of the game would pay the rent of the mansion and shooting." The late Mr. W. H. Fox spared no expense to keep the property in perfect condition, and the farms are exceptionally well equipped.

Next Tuesday, at the Mart, Messrs. Powell and Co., and Messrs. Lofts and Warner, will offer Birch House and 171 acres, Haywards Heath. Sales by Messrs. Fox and Sons include Hyde Farm, Winchcombe, 406 acres, and about £14,000 worth of property in and near Southampton. Ivy Rock, near Chepstow, is to be sold on September 6th, by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker; and Milestone, near Tunbridge Wells, on September 15th, by Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co.

Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son's sale of the Mangerton estate resulted in the disposal, either under the hammer or immediately beforehand, of the majority of the fifteen lots, into which this small but varied residential estate was divided, the total realised being £6,480. Mangerton House, with 11½ acres of pasture, and a mile of trout fishing, realised £2,400. A mixed farm of 64 acres made £2,100.

Minterne is to be let furnished for the hunting season or longer, by Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, on behalf of Lord Digby. The property is so situated as to give hunting six days a week with the Blackmoor Vale and Cattistock Hounds, and there is shooting over 1,500 acres, which can also be let with the house. A special article on Minterne House was published in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xl., page 528).

ARBITER.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

IN THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS CALLED "GROUSING."

In previous notes I have descended on the satisfaction to be gained from scanning the bookstalls on the prospect of finding one or other of our shooting classics. Only yesterday I paused on a hurried journey to examine a shelf of ninepenny literature, and to my surprise found Blaine's "Encyclopedia of Rural Sports," with its 1,246 closely printed pages, adorned with illustrations after Alken and others of like eminence. It was a



SCOURING THE MOORS.
From Blaine's Encyclopedia.

second edition, dated 1852. As grouse shooting is the thing of the moment, I give at random an extract under this heading: "English shooters in pursuit of grouse, and not having invitations to any particular grousing grounds, usually direct their course towards some of the northern counties, from Staffordshire to the Tweed, or from Whitby to Whitehaven. In our own shooting days we well remember that much of the country between Barnard Castle and Appleby was open ground, and was then well stocked with grouse—indeed far more so than at the present time. Not but even then poachers committed devastations; but in later times, the miners from both the coal and lead mines of Teasdale and Weardale have regularly congregated in great numbers, and for several days before the legal time have destroyed so many as to leave little sport for others. Nor is there, in these lawless times, much reason to expect it will ever be otherwise; on the contrary, eventually, the grouse will be wholly destroyed, as has happened already in other counties, where a lawless population and extensive cultivation have left little room for other

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NOT OUR WAY OF DOING IT.
From Blaine's Encyclopedia.

animals than man and his kind. A writer in the *New Sporting Magazine* for September, 1832, informs us that about three years before the period at which he writes, 'he met a body of eighteen upon the moors between Arkindale and Tanhill, to the west of Keeth, who were proceeding as coolly and as carelessly as if each had his certificate in his pocket. They had been in that neighbourhood for two days preceding; and the day after they advanced about ten miles further south, to the grounds of the Duke of Leeds, and actually besieged his Grace, in the house where he was staying, and stipulated for two days' uninterrupted sporting, under a threat of frightening all the birds from the moors should their demands not be complied with. . . . Kirby Lonsdale, Brough, Bowes, Sedbergh, Kirkby Stephen and the Old Spittal, are also

sporting locations for the grouse to domesticate themselves in. Proceeding northwards, many excellent preserves still present themselves, a few only of which are open ground; but a suitable introduction will, in most instances, insure the applicant one, two or more days' shooting, according to circumstances."

SOME ROUGH-SHOOTING QUERIES.

A very interesting day has been spent at the shooting ground in company of a very keen sportsman who had listed a dozen or more queries on shooting matters which he desired to elucidate by discussion. The scene of his sport is on a part of the Sussex Coast where the ordinary inland shooting is supplemented by some attractive wildfowling ground. Like others who wait for flighting duck, he badly wants to bridge that critical 20yds. or 30yds. beyond gun range which is the radius these wily birds so steadfastly maintain. He has just bought a new Browning automatic chambered for 2½in. cartridges, and after we had adopted the magic 300 pellets in the charge we found this agreed exactly with shot size 5½ for the 1½ oz. of available lead. These pellets give at 62yds. the same shock properties per pellet as No. 7 at 45yds. Some of his pre-war cartridges ranging up to ten years old were tested for velocity, and they all behaved perfectly, one or two loads running as high as 1,150ft. per second. We tried hard to elucidate the discrepancy which has so often been noticed between the limit range of a gun, as determined more particularly by the wide scattering of the charge and the loss of pellet energy, and on the other hand, the long range killing power of the same weapons as certified by men who are fully alert to the liability of over-estimating distances. Discussion also centred on the apparent weakness of certain unlucky batches of cartridges, as evidenced on game, and their behaviour when subjected to rigid tests for velocity. According to figures, the cartridge which normally may be accepted as efficient up to, say, a limit distance of 35yds., may be proved to have lost 5yds. of its ranging power, and yet the deficiency is alleged to have been unmistakable at such ranges as 25yds. where the measured pellet energy is much superior to that of cartridges of unblemished efficiency when operating at full ranges. The existing system of test must be sound, inasmuch as it is that by which the perfect cartridge is achieved, and yet there always seems to be a something beyond which instruments cannot evaluate, but which the trained human senses approve or disapprove without apparently any logical foundation. Needless almost to say, we did not get much further, and yet one always appears to be on the verge of discovery.

THE LEADING WILDFOWLER.

I have just spent an instructive afternoon with Mr. Charles J. Heath, president of the Wildfowlers' Association. His hall is adorned with Colonel Hawker's pet punt gun, formerly the property of Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, and, by general admission, the most written-about firearm in existence. The talented doctor is original in everything he undertakes, and in firearms he has evolved the chamberless gun, that is, a gun with a 12-bore chamber (hence the chamberless) and a bore diameter which continues unaltered the diameter of the front end of the chamber. It is intended for firing thin brass cases of the kind worshipped by the wildfowler. In such a gun you can use cases of 2½ins., 2½ins. and 3ins. length and so on *ad libitum*, and by some freak of Newton's law ($MV - mv$) the gun is indifferent whether the shot charge weighs one ounce or two. I am in course of investigating this interesting phenomenon; hence the interview. It forms part of the perennial attempt to relate sporting observation with exact scientific proof. Here we have a system of gun construction which pitches a charge of shot down a narrow lane estimated variously up to 80yds. in length. There is the testimony of hundreds of shots fired over water to prove that something beyond ordinary power of gun concentration has been accomplished, and yet there is all the while the need to reduce these happenings into terms of measured yards, accurately scribed circles and so on. The whole enquiry blossoms with interest, and yet back of it all is the fear that science may once more fail to keep level with practice. The doctor is certain as to the practical results, and my own task is to see what science has to say about it all. We are both out for facts, so at the finish we may get somewhere.

The Oologist's Record. A Quarterly Magazine, devoted to the advancement of Oology, in all parts of the world. (Harrison and Sons, 45, St. Martin's Lane, 5s. per ann., post free.)

WE have lately received copies of this new magazine devoted to the study of oology entitled *The Oologist's Record*, under the editorship of Mr. Kenneth L. Skinner. The dates of publication are March 1st, June 1st, September 1st and December 1st. The paper makes a point of printing interesting contributions on the birds found breeding in different regions. Especial notice may be drawn to the notes by Captain C. R. S. Pitman, in the first issue, on some of the breeding birds of Palestine. The cover of this magazine is embellished with an excellent and appropriate illustration by Mr. Frohawk depicting nesting kites in Wales. This new serial should prove of much interest to all oologists and bird-lovers alike.